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LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

SIR RICHARD MALTRAVERS.

VOL. I.

ΛΟΓΟΣ Γ.

SIR RICHARD WELLINGTON

ON

FIRE AND OBLIVION

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

SIR RICHARD MALTRAVERS,

AN

ENGLISH GENTLEMAN

OF

THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

We defy Augury; there is a special Providence in the Fall of a Sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the Readiness is all: Since no Man knows aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?——*Shakespeare.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

SIR RICHARD MALTRAVERS.

CHAP. I.

THE dignity of the Historic Muse cannot be violated, in giving to the world private annals, when the subject she treats of is connected with the public interests, and when the reflections which arise from casual occurrences are handled with that gravity, which is so becoming in those who have turned their thoughts to the higher concernments of mankind.

The accidents of my life may have been few, and, in the opinion of some, considered

as even trivial; but the period at which I have lived, and the train of thought which that epoch has left in my mind, may serve for my apology in taking up the pen, to set down such passages and opinions as I think may amuse others: and I trust that they may not prove ungrateful to those, who conceive that we ought to take a higher interest in our existence, than the unprofitable office of merely burning out its lamp.

In truth, much as I have lived among men, yet I have communed more with myself; and I am bold enough to aver, that self-reverence, not vanity, hath been the main spring of my conduct. Let these two motives not be confounded. Self-reverence may be wrapt up in pride, but she is decorous; she holds to the doctrine of moral fitness; she is not often descried by vulgar eyes;—whereas vanity can exist only in a crowd; every one stares at her, for she wears a cap and bells, and often deserves Bedlam.

In good earnest, methinks every man receives his impulse, and takes his original departure, in the same sort that a tennis-ball

doth from a racket: some are impelled forward by a vigorous arm, and then the ball bounds over the mark; others, too feebly driven, fall short; the direction of one is not straight, it bounds from the wall, and diverges across the court; that of another towers into the air, and then falls to the ground. What would have been the case of these balls, had they lain unmoved? Was it their will or desire that drove them here and there? Thus it is with man: from his first impulse, to the moment when motion ceases to agitate his frame—he has been driven in one direction—a direction that his individual power could not have changed, because there were many powers greater than his which impelled him: he was pushed from one step to another in this manner, and every step was connected as closely as the links of a chain. When we treat therefore, of the life of any individual, or the history of any people, we merely make a sort of sketch of the direction that they have taken. We often mistake their modes of existence for their motives of action, and attribute to wisdom or folly, virtue or vice, that

effect which resulted from the eternal series of successive causes. Glorious then, in the eyes of the admiring world, is that man, whose original direction hath been such, that he hath appeared to triumph over obstacles; when he hath gained those things coveted by his fellows; but more glorious, in the eyes of the chosen few on whom intelligence hath alighted, is he, who in despite of adverse fortunes and inevitable fate, hath maintained a constant and equal mind.

Penetrated with the truth of these notions, and addicted to the philosophy of the stoics, I presume no more than to trace cause and effect; and I deprecate any evil construction that may officiously be cast upon my opinions.

I was born in the West of England, in the latter period of King James the First's reign. My ancestors were among those bold men, who for centuries had established and maintained the best political institutions of any nation, that in modern times hath been formed out of that cumbrous Gothic empire, which sprang from the chaos of the ruins of what, by a peculiarity of phrase, we

term antiquity. My family fixed themselves in England, at the Norman conquest, by the sword; having been copartners in that great enterprize with William, in conjunction with other Norman nobility and gentry. This point was not inaptly enforced a century afterwards by the Earl Warrene, who well observed, "that the gentlemen of England were not the vassals of the Duke of Normandy, but comrades in that great undertaking; and that, therefore, they did not forego their ancient rights in their new settlement." Hence arose that rare principle in our government, which constitutes a real division of power—one great fundamental of freedom. In this instance, was most happily grafted the military energy of the Norman, upon the free Saxon institutions and habits; combining the graceful chivalry of the knights of Neustria with the sturdy honesty of the yeomen of the heptarchy. As far therefore, as England hath borrowed people from other soils, to multiply on and cultivate her own, she hath been eminently happy in the choice: for she hath united two races of men, the French and the

German; who, though various as to their characteristics, yet each possessing great and estimable qualities; and both, when blended together, as they now are, forming a people useful to the human race in peace, and as great in war. It may be said of the British people now, that their character is formed to correct the extremes of the too lively impetuosity of the French, and the too slow caution of the German. Their position also being that of islands, hath been most happy, because their cradle being planted by nature in the boisterous ocean of the north, no meddling neighbours can come with promptitude and ease to disturb their civil polity; and as they have been thus early cut off from the contact and contagion of despotism abroad, so their rulers, aloof from foreign aid, have been generally compelled to consider themselvs more amenable to justice; and England hath flourished from her having considered her kings rather as leaders in war, and magistrates in peace, than as proprietary masters. In fact, the freedom of our country *hath not been* the gift of kings: it arose from the hardihood and

virtue of her old iron-cased Barons. Those illustrious men were never led astray by any flitting phantom, such as the mere emulation of the empty word of liberty (in truth an *ignis fatuus*), because it had been pronounced by an old Greek or Roman mouth. No delusive vision of an imaginary republic inflated their hearts, or bewildered their brain; but they knew their rights, they felt their station, and they possessed courage to maintain both. Often they matched themselves in the field against their Sovereign. When they overcame him, his concessions confessed their success and their rights; when he gained the day, they perished sullenly on the scaffold—which is only another field of battle,—sealing with their noble blood their devotion to the public welfare. We may proudly exclaim, that if England hath been fruitful in tyrants, she hath also been fruitful in deliverers. The apologists of arbitrary power have sometimes affected to represent our ancestors as rude and unpolished barbarians: but I cannot bring myself to think that the authors of so many wise laws, so many excellent institutions—men

who have shone with such splendour in the field, both at home in the sacred cause of their rights, and abroad in defence of the national honour—were not as distinguished for their judgment, as they were eminent for their virtue.

I esteem it to be my highest fortune to have belonged to this race of men, and have considered that the notions that I have imbibed from that consideration alone, have given me that direction into which the fates had pleased to cast my destiny: for I was bred in the notions with which the recollection of our history furnished me. Fortunate also, let me esteem myself, in having had preserved for my enjoyment their old possessions; although my ancestors never stood neuter in the civil broils and foreign wars which for six centuries have agitated England, and purified like a a running stream the British race; which have so often in dire revolutions displayed to the world their manly virtues, the recollections of which are our best inheritance; precepts and examples which must shine like a beacon, to enlighten and guide the latest posterity.

The traditional accounts of our individual family represent them as a race robust and hale of body, choleric, frank, and brave in disposition: in a word, their heads were clear, their hearts were stout, and their arms were strong. To attend the summons of the Crown they felt to be their first duty, whenever they were to march to foreign war; and they often mortgaged their estates to appear with splendour in that field, which they as often bedewed with their blood. Indulging my fancy, I could imagine that I could describe their departure for war. We might behold the tears of the ladies glistening through their dishevelled hair, accompanied by all the passion of the most endearing lamentation; contrasted with the clang of arms, and the soul-stirring bustle of preparation. We might fancy that we witnessed the joyous alacrity of the knights, esquires, and yeomen; the pride and emulation of the vassals, delighted at any movement which was likely to break in upon the dull monotony of ordinary life. To take the field in a social feud might have had another aspect: in this case every proceeding

must have been masked, every step must have been concealed; the midnight council, the mysterious beacon glimmering upon various heights, the rapid succession of quick and indefatigable messengers, the closed gates, warm professions of friendship to rival chiefs, artful promises and fallacious hopes, testified the doubt and danger of the enterprize. We must admit that the old Barons were often what would be called in modern courtly phrase, factious; but they secured our liberties by dealing many a blow in the baronial and regal quarrels for privilege and prerogative; and their banners waved defiance to the Crown in England, as often as they floated in its train in France.

They resided much in their castles; they hunted, they hawked, they caroused, they gamed, they danced, they drank; they sometimes farmed, for many of the old Barons undertook at their own charge magnificent works, cleared encumbering forests, and drained vast marshes; they vexed and harassed their tenants, whom they reconciled by treating them for whole days at Christmas in the hall;

and their indiscriminate hospitality, carried to the utmost excess, accompanied by an open, noble, courteous manner, made their very tyranny to be overlooked, and their foibles winked at by the Clergy. They revelled among the opulent yeomen, making them pay for their protection. Frequently they broke a lance in earnest; and many a rival in power or in love has sunk under their prowess into a premature grave.

Thus we may trace the principle of chivalry to its birth: it sprang from a division of power and clashing interests; for collision is as necessary to produce virtue in men, as it is to elicit fire in inanimate matter; and chivalry is the essence of virtue.

CHAP. II.

My father was born towards the commencement of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and was educated in the height of the principles of those good old times. Our family having always taken the popular side in all political contests, were, consequently, in favour at the court of that Queen: certainly the wisest and greatest monarch that ever sat on the English throne; and by her example and policy, one of the greatest benefactresses of the human race,—whatever her detractors may pretend, who are to be found among the apologists for the Stuarts, and are, necessarily, the partizans of tyranny. But the common consent of all reasonable men allow that one of Elizabeth's greatest merits was, that she had penetration enough to discover

—a rare secret, generally concealed from the dim eyes of most sovereigns—that the dignity, and happiness, and prosperity of their people, are the principal ingredients of their own power. This secret, however, is almost as recondite in courts as the philosopher's stone, and probably will be discovered as soon.

My father would often plume himself upon his appearance in the world at this period, which he considered as an auspicious era; when much of the romance of chivalry remained without its extravagance, and a high state of civility existed, unripened as yet into corruption of morals. It was also an age of learning: which some might call pedantry; but, after the long fast of the human mind, it swallowed with so voracious an appetite all that was presented to it, that no wonder that it should have appeared to have been cloyed, and that it should frequently have received more than it could have been able to have digested. But great philosophers have since flourished, and have reduced this chaos of information into some mould, scientifically

arranged; and we now see landmarks in the boundless ocean of science and philosophy. Let us revere the memory of such skilful pilots.* I fear that both our morals and our manners may have deteriorated since that period; I fear that which is termed politeness, conventions of society, phrases that are courtly and common-place communications of men, have softened down our energies, and may have in some measure destroyed our honesty and affected the dignity of our character. A ready excuse is now found for every laxity, and the distinction between right and wrong is too feebly marked: particularly with regard to those who may in some sort be invested with power or authority in the State.

In that age my father was educated. He took in his full share of instruction; his sanguine melancholy disposition, his adust complexion, led him to converse more fondly with books than with men. He was of a

* Lord Herbert, of Cherbery; Thomas Hobbes, the philosopher of Malmesbury; Lord Bacon.

temper too independent to be a courtier : he was too full of abstract notions of virtue to be a successful politician, and his manners were too punctilious for general society ; for even in that day he had been accounted to be more addicted to duels than became a man of his gravity. However, having found most happily a great and distinguished lady, in all respects perfectly agreeable to his humour and disposition, graced with every accomplishment that can soften the ills of our condition and relieve the tediousness of our existence, he retired with her to his paternal domains, where he delighted in country sports, in books, and in the converse of a few friends of probity and learning. This life he led with as much dignity, and enjoyed with as much tranquil pleasure as ever fell to the lot of the most polite of the ancients ; and his delight can only be understood by those formed after the models of true taste and refinement. But such a state of sweet solace was only fleeting. My mother, in the prime and pride of life, in the meridian hour of beauty, in the happiest age of joy and fancy, was snatched

from him and from her infant family, to create a blank, which never during his existence he could again fill up. Could such a man fly to a second marriage for refuge? for I have often heard him hold these sentiments upon that subject. He would exclaim with warmth, and even with some degree of indignation, "a second marriage, when there are children by the first, is a dreadful catastrophe: it is generally the most unhappy, and often the most fatal calamity that can fall upon a family; no ill, no misfortune, that can visit the heads of such devoted offspring in after-life, can come into competition with the dire and heart-suffocating grief that they must feel from such a rash step of their father. What! in their helpless and innocent infancy, are they to be compensated and comforted for their heavy loss by a stranger, who occupies that place which the tender source of their existence hath left? What a dismal contrast! The void is filled up, then, by one who naturally must root out the earliest and tenderest affections of their father towards them, and must ne-

cessarily overspread their hearts with a cold morbid despair—the despair of retaining their remaining parent's love, and *even duty*. They are to feel, that the loss of one parent is to be compensated for by the daily estrangement of the affections of the other; and, by the introduction of an *intruder*, whom, according to all the rules of nature, must, at best, be their secret enemy! Life's best joys, the relation between parent and child, are nipped in the bud; and while their orphan solitude is haunted by the tenderest recollections of their tenderest parent, their afflicted hearts are harrowed up by two of the most conflicting passions, duty and repugnance, and the keenest sorrow at the heart-rending sensation of misplaced, or ill-returned affections; they daily view base selfish interest worming them out of their own warm and joyous nest." Thus would he express himself, for the essence of his feelings were those of justice.

There is nothing worthy of remark in my earlier education; but, as I advanced towards a state of manhood, it took a turn

which tended to confirm the romantic disposition I had in some sort inherited. I had been much abandoned to my own intent lucubrations. And here let me observe how much solitude purifies and exalts the soul; of what advantage it is to the dignity of man; how much it tends to familiarize it with the contact of death, which is the surest mode of passing life with uncompromising dignity: the mind, turning upon its own axis, revolving within itself, forms not only a truer estimate of its own power, but acquires that elasticity, which will enable it to bound, afterwards, over the greatest difficulties; but, if difficulties it cannot conquer, it vanquishes its own weaknesses and vain desires, and reduces the number and variety of its wishes and wants. It is in solitude that great principles are first understood and adopted, and the habit of contemplating them will afterwards give the habit of adhering to them; for, in proportion as men are social, it is, as with gregarious animals, they lose much of their original force.

The system of my education mainly lay

in the habit of deep and continual reflection. My acquirements were but few; some general maxims, stored up in my thoughts in apposite aphorisms, the first principles of things original, and a rapid view of general history, constituted my whole stock. But these sketches were fixed in my mind by a master's hand, and a walk in company with my revered father, afforded me opportunities of receiving divine and eternal truths, such as fell from the hallowed lips of the old Greek philosophers. I entered, however, at Oxford, with an ignorance of classical learning that would have put any other to the blush; but I felt that I had a compensation for this defect, nor did I profit much by the instruction which I there received; my mind was of a cast, which comprehended essences rather than modes; the latter, indeed, I have ever neglected, unless they led to *some* great or immediate result. The mere acquisition of any language not my own afforded me little or no gratification. It interested me but little to be in possession of the medium of the communication of the thoughts of other na-

tions, for how futile the nice criticisms of grammarians appear; why waste those precious hours, which may be employed with more utility to the human race, in perpetually dwelling upon the rules applicable to various idioms! It is true that the ancient languages, properly so called, contain much philosophy, and many sublime sentiments, and so far they are valuable, if we acquire enough of them to inhale those sentiments which they express; then we suck the honey, and nought but the flower remains: for words are, in fact, but a sort of husks. It was not that the languages of the Greeks and Romans were intrinsically beautiful, but their thoughts were sublime, their philosophy profound, their conduct exalted, and their deeds heroic; and their language, according to the system of harmony that prevails, bore its affinity. Language, then, is a faithful portrait of the people who use it. Thus, the modulation of the voice, which is produced from a peculiar organ, the accents of syllables, the harmony or discord of words, the brevity or the circumlocution of phrase, the rapidity of enun-

ciation, depend upon the character, circumstances and occupation, and situation of each particular nation.

The great science of history pleased me more; there, as in a mirror, we view the workings of the passions, we trace the springs and combinations of our moral and physical qualities; as, in the study of the exact sciences, we discover the immutable laws of things by our pure intelligence, so in the moral world we see that part of the creation in which there is the greater play; still reduced, however, to certain laws, such as causation, direction, and harmony. By these studies I strove to keep my mind as free as possible from the pressure of external circumstances. I observed that, however, men had, from the beginning of the world, endeavoured to blink the great question of necessity, still the majority had decided with the stoics, and that every positive religion, and every system of philosophy, had propounded that doctrine; indeed, most of them had done more, and had maintained it in one shape or other. Nor can I forego my

admiration of those who have the firmness of mind to entertain this great and eternal truth, and the boldness to avow a dogma which carries with it so many consolations: for it checks the swellings of pride, and dissipates the sighs of despair; it dries up the tears of sorrow, and perpetually presents to our longing sight Hope. She, who is decked out in never-fading colours; she, who sits upon the warrior's crest, and beside the captive in his dismal cell; she, who ever accompanies the weary steps of the slave, and who lulls all to balmy repose, saving fortune's fools: she is, indeed, the first-born offspring of our reason!

CHAP. III.

THE period had now arrived when, having completed my studies, it was determined that I should quit the University. My father was anxious to send me into France, in order to reside there for some time; trusting fully to my discretion in so governing myself, that I might profit by a near view into the character and habits of our neighbours. Accordingly I took ship, and passed over from Southampton into Normandy; from thence I proceeded on horseback to Paris. I rode, like the gallants of that day, with a hawk upon my wrist, followed by a brace of spaniels. I think it was upon the afternoon of the third day after landing, that, riding along the stubble, and whistling to my dogs, I met a gallant party

of cavaliers and ladies who were hawking; one of the former galloping up to me, and saluting me most courteously, invited me to repose myself that evening at his castle, which was then in view. This was the Marquis de Vieuville, a gallant French gentleman, who, afterwards, during the Civil Wars, attended the Queen into England, upon her return from Holland, and who was killed at an affair between the King's and the Earl of Essex's horse, near Hungerford, after the raising the siege of Gloucester. I was delighted with the company, and the hospitable reception they gave me. Here I observed the ancient gallantry of France, and I could well imagine with what lustre it had shone for ages. The generous and frank impetuosity of the men, and the romantic conversation of the ladies, possessed great charms for me, and displayed the effect of centuries of generous chivalry. The ladies were well versed in all the fine passages of their own history, especially those that related to the memories of great men, of their feuds, and the warlike deeds that arose from them.

They sung romances of the old times; and I could easily perceive, that the gallantry of the ancient gentlemen of France was excited by the delightful enthusiasm of the women. The despotism of their Kings was somewhat neutralized by their spirit of party, and their high sense of honour; whenever their country or their opinions were attacked, they all sprang on horseback in a moment, and rushed with ardour to the field, brilliant from their harness, and their white plumes waving in the air, which they rent with their shouts, passing life's threshold with extatic joy.

The Cardinal de Richelieu, under the character of prime minister, then reigned, with great authority; that crafty priest, true to his vocation, had determined to make the crown absolute. He began by sapping the power and influence of the nobility and gentry, by calling them all from the provinces to the court. By this stroke of policy they became impoverished in their fortunes, and were soon alienated from their tenants and followers; to mend their broken fortunes, they were to become the menials of the Sovereign;

or, without any consideration of their personal merit, they were to fill the offices of state: for, in most countries, the power or influence of the crown is generally the first object, and the service of the public is the second. This scheme had been borrowed from Spain, where it had been successfully practised by another priest, Cardinal Ximenes, one of the most notable apostles of tyranny that Europe had then seen.

The noble spirit of chivalry was crushed in Spain by Ximenes, and in France by Richelieu; this spirit had sprung from the feudal system, which had preserved the liberty of Europe during the middle ages, and had checked the desolating sway of despotic power and military conquest, which must invariably take effect, when the people and the crown come into contact. The people and crown in contact? what elements of confusion, oppression, and darkness arise! Hence the wisdom of the right of primogeniture, and from this right is established a principle of stability, which maintains the permanent existence of institutions.

Upon my arrival in Paris, I met with the same courteous reception as in Normandy, where I had tarried six weeks on different visits. As I had a turn for manly sports and exercise, which were then much in vogue, I did not incommode the company I fell into. I had now a respite from study and reflection: fencing and the *manége* were my morning pursuits, as the evening one was the dance. Possibly I could have visited France at no period at which the nobility shone with more lustre than in the time of Louis XIII.: their haughty spirit, fresh from their domains and their feuds, was not yet broken down by the weight of the golden chains of court and ministerial servitude; excessive pageantry was not then come into fashion, and the ineptitude of mind that always accompanies it. The mimic war of the lists and the chase cherished old recollections and kept up old habits: a refined gallantry prevailed. I confess that my heart panted with delight, for every object was fresh and new. The *Place de Carousel* often heard the trumpets sound, to call the great names of France, to display

their skill in horsemanship, and their address in poising with a steady hand the ponderous justing lance. The forests of Versailles, Vincennes, and St. Germains echoed to the hound and horn. The dance and the midnight revel banished the slumber of the morning fatigue. Sometimes Cupid shot his arrows athwart the state and dignity that encompassed the high dames, who smiled upon the last days of the ancient chivalry of France.

Concentrated within myself, my views bounded by the horizon of the surrounding scene, my father and England daily grew fainter and fainter in my recollection. The spring-tide of my life was about to pass in scenes that could leave no trace behind, except that of regret at the improbability of their renewal; which is the case of all delights that spring from the sensations only. Those scenes that give us present pain, give us upon the recollection after-pleasure, and with others the reverse. I was ardently following the chase on a plain beyond St. Germains, under the electrifying beam of a noon-tide sun, conquering for the moment, more

tender sympathies which had invaded my breast and sunk deep into my heart on the preceding evening's mask; while urging my horse, I was stopped by a messenger from England: he gave me shortly the sad tidings of my father's illness, which he said was dangerous in the extreme. The chill of instantaneous grief rendered every nerve rigid, and a sensation of horror gave to my eyes a lurid stare. Youthful energy in a moment afterwards banished these feelings. I bad the messenger measure back his steps; I followed: love, duty, regret, even a sort of self-conviction of neglect quickened my heel, and the galled jades spurred on, seemed to lose their stiffness. Not many hours (though the night intervened) brought me to the sea-coast: I sprang on board a fishing-boat. Sorrow and fatigue overcame my wearied frame, and the howling of the southern gale lulled me into a feverish and broken sleep. Oppressed, chilled, and unsightly, I landed; and as soon as my saddle could be thrown on a horse's back, I stretched my way for one of the most champaign of the western

counties. It was past midday in December when I came in sight of my father's house: the last time that I had crossed the rich and extensive plain that lay to the southward of it, was in the midst of harvest; the jocund countrymen were driving their teems over the crackling stubble, their wains groaning under Ceres' choicest fruits; the birds were on the wing, and the towering falcons were pouncing on their quarry. All was gay, bright, and joyous; my father, in the vigour of mature manhood, looked like the presiding genius of the place. All seemed to bow to him, and were attracted to him as to a common centre. But now I strode over those same fields fallow and dreary; the hoar frost had crisped the ground, benumbing all who were passing. The sharp north blast had completed the desolation by driving the flocks and herds to shelter. Alone, unmeeting and unmet, I entered the death-struck mansion; my wandering unfixed eye observed not the sable garb of the dejected household. I rushed into the hall; a gorgeous bier arrested my faltering steps; the

pride and vanity of woe sat on the countenances of all around. The reality of it shivered my heart. My drooping jaw refused its aid to my faltering tongue; my fixed and glassy eyes retreated far back in their sockets: tears scorned to loosen the stiffened muscles of my ghastly visage. My heart ceased beating, and nature seemed to arrest all her movements, saving the fearful consciousness of existence. A stupifying languor came over me for some time; a starting sleep, frequently interrupted by agonizing dreams, at length terminated in a fever. Alternate debility and delirium filled up the space of many days more; and a long and slow recovery gave me ample time to meditate upon the new state into which I was thrown: the least appalling view of which was, that the barrier between me and death was now broken down.

CHAP. IV.

THERE are certain periods in our lives, when we are forced by the pressure of external circumstances into the deepest meditation. After the electrifying shock that I had just received, my thoughts took a new turn, and my disposition another character; Death! in all the variety of views in which mankind had contemplated him, forced himself upon my most unremitting attention. Is the hour in which he seizes us with his icy hand fixed from our birth? Will death cause the dissolution of our frame only:—or is our spirit to be quenched also? If death, and the hour in which he visits us, are alike inevitable, is not every other contingency of our existence inevitable also? And where and what is our conscience? Can she look forward, and backward, and

ransack the most secret corners of our hearts, and yet neither impede nor direct our march? Is conscience, then, only a mirror, in which we pass in review all that we perceive, think, and feel? Are those elements, which appear to our sensations to compose the universe,—power, matter, space, and time,—alone the component parts of it? and is there no presiding spirit, to stretch out its arms, to move, to connect and to harmonize the whole, of which these are only properties?

Yes, death is inevitable, and his hour is inevitably fixed: when that hath struck we must depart. Our experience proves the first to us, our reasoning faculties the second: for death comes not without a cause, and that cause was produced by another; and so on, in perpetual succession, up to the moment of our birth. If, then, his hour was not fixed, and by this means ascertained, the chain of causes would be broken somewhere or other; and if the chain be once broken, then we must deny the existence of causes altogether: for incidents would then lose the character of causes. Because, if causes exist, they must be

linked together in one chain : and if so, then their effects are inevitable. The last link of this chain is fixed to the throne of the great, Almighty Cause of causes. He, being their author, must foresee their consequences; and, if they were interrupted, or their chain broken, his prescience would be destroyed, because then he could neither foresee nor foreknow. His *prescience* is not the cause of things and events occurring, but a proof that if they have occurred, they *must* have occurred; therefore the *hour* of our death is fixed.

Yes, I exclaimed again, the barrier is broken down, and I stand now in the first ranks. What compensation hath my father had, for he hath had his share of ills? was this last, this inevitable blow, not premature?—his compensation must be immortality. Why? Because we perceive the fundamental principles of justice in all dispensations; at least we must conclude them to be just, because they have taken place; and the fundamental principles of justice would be overturned if we were utterly and finally extinguished,

after the imperfect glimpse that we have enjoyed of a part of the creation only. Those who can conceive or conclude immortality must enjoy it, or there would be a flagrant piece of injustice committed upon them. They would have been furnished with a superfluous faculty, that of concluding immortality; and we neither know nor see any superfluous faculty thrown away upon man, or any such attached by nature in general to its works: and why should we have one thrown away upon us, in the highest object of our concernment? Because immortality is relative to our present state: the same advantage that our existence was to the antecedent state of non-existence.

What relief is there for a troubled spirit, equal to that of taking an excursive flight into the boundless regions of moral philosophy,—soaring on seraphic wings, and seizing a nearer view of the busy Fates, whilst they are weaving the various web of life? They allow of no impertinent intrusion; undisturbed by our clamour, they hearken not to our lamentations; they are unmoved by our

prayers; they are not melted by our tears; they scoff at our exultation, well knowing how short-lived it will be. Conqueror or monarch, down he comes tumbling in a moment, and rots beside the beggar and the slave, furnishing a compensation for the insolence of selfishness, and vanity, and oppressive greatness! Poet or philosopher, disease, poverty, age, disappointment, contumely, neglect, cause either to look to the grave for refuge. Dark and terrible as it appears, it is our best haven; to fear it is a sign of ignorance and weakness, who are twin sisters. They only give it all its terrors, sitting, like hideous sprites, in their black shrouds, on either side of it;—drive them away, and the grave appears then to be but a stately bed, on which we shall repose in the profoundest sleep, refreshing us after our irksome and fretful day. And why should we not expect to awaken again? But when, where, and how, is beyond our mortal ken. Let us, then, chase away the ugly witches, Fear and Ignorance, that only dance in our troubled sight at twilight; when they have disap-

peared, the terrors of the passage of life's threshold will vanish; for when we take ship, and leave our native coast on some new adventure, parents, children, friends, love, wealth, fame, all left on the receding shore, soon fade in our sight,—new objects springing up around us, weaken the impression of them in our memories.

As time rolls on, we read daily a leaf in the dark book of Fate; but day by day only the Almighty Guardian of this tremendous volume unfolds a leaf: whilst Man, in the ineptitude of his presumption and his folly, assumes to be the director of events. How often is he struck aghast, and motionless, by a train of supreme decrees, which he can no more model or account for, than he can grasp in his hand the flitting phantoms of his brain, which vanish in dark oblivion! Suspended between light and darkness, conscience is his only property here; as in a mirror he views his soul, he blushes within himself, sometimes with pride, sometimes from shame, he plunges into errors which he cannot avoid; he sails down the full tide of

fortune, for which he cannot account. Like unto a sere beech-leaf, in autumn, overhanging some swelling flood, a puff of wind precipitates it into the stream below; just so Man, at his birth, was cast into the stream of life; now the leaf is about to be swallowed up by the whirlpool; there it narrowly escapes; there it is stopped by a projecting rock—now it floats rapidly down the tide; here it, at last, is arrested in its progress by a twig, and sinks; possibly it may have floated a few yards. Such is the picture of our lives, and such the result of our experience, to feel how powerless we are, to discover the distinction between our wishes and our will, and never to fear death, because it is inevitable. Yet we never cherish these eternal truths; and we pass our lives, panting, expecting, and hoping; always fancying there is uncertainty in all human affairs when there is certainty, and being never thoroughly persuaded of that which is capable of demonstration; if causes exist, then they beget necessity.

CHAP. V.

THE variety of surrounding objects, repeated excitements, and the necessity of personal exertion, tended to alleviate, and by degrees to dissipate my grief; as soon, therefore, as I was so far recovered as to form a just estimate of my situation, I could not forbear to return my most grateful thanks to Providence for the direction that it had given me, and the line on which I had been placed. My lot was, indeed, one of the most desirable: I was connected by blood and the soil with a great and flourishing nation, wherein juster ideas of freedom had been entertained than in any modern state that travellers had visited. At an early age, and by no exertion of my own, I was placed at the head of a large fortune, and of an ancient

and illustrious house; that which is the reward of the long toil and merit of others, I possessed by anticipation. I could not but indulge in these notions, and take a general view of them. In drawing a comparison between the people of England and those of other countries, we find that the English concentrate all their views of wealth and high stations in life, in territorial possessions. Foreigners place their chief enjoyment in the society and amusements of cities. From the highest to the lowest in rank in England, such is their bent: from the general, the minister, the lawyer, to the lowest practitioner of the lowest trade in the meanest town in the country, all look forward, as if to a paradise, to the enjoyment of the possession of land: to the privileges that it confers, and the gratifications that it affords, rather than to the profit that it yields. This they propose to themselves in the evening of their days; and the shortness of the time allotted to them for enjoyment is compensated by the prospect that it will be prolonged in the possession of their posterity. And thus we

may conclude, that although our popular institutions make us social in public life, yet, nevertheless, our inveterate habits make us feudal in our domestic life; and this sentiment is spread over the whole people, descending through all ranks to the peasant. In such a station as that which the proprietors of the soil in England enjoy, a vast circle of gratifications comes within their reach; among its first pleasures, are the constant habits of domestic society, by which means families are reared up in virtue and morality. Generosity hath its full flow in courteous hospitality and charity; then follow exhilirating exercises, useful avocations, social duties, civic honours; the pleasures of the chace dissipate monotony, and render the youth bold and hardy. Agriculture, the most important duty of man, since it is the keystone of the social fabric, opens the most extensive field for the contemplation of experimental and moral philosophy: it is the basis of the wealth and power of nations, inasmuch as the soil is emphatically the country, and the possessors and cultivators of it emphatically

the people. They form the groundwork upon which the manufacturer, the merchant, the mechanic, and the artisan, of every denomination, and every other class in the community, build their fortunes. Thus damaging this foundation of society by any line of policy,—thus disturbing this basis, by any crude schemes of government, or by the wily ambition or corruption of rulers, amounts to the crime of parricide committed against our *mother earth*, which ought to be resented as such by all her children who derive their nutriment from sucking at her breasts. In a moral point of view, the life of the agriculturist is the most pure and holy of any class of men: pure, because it is the most healthful, and vice can hardly find time to contaminate it; and holy, because it brings the Deity perpetually before his view, giving him thereby the most exalted notions of supreme power, and the most fascinating and endearing view of universal benignity. The manufacturer, pent up in a wretched abode, working perpetually upon productions which spring not immediately from the lap of nature,

hath only to contemplate his own ingenuity and activity; he is surrounded and stimulated often by the worst passions; and if he has a religious turn, the most gloomy and irritating fanaticism invades his heart; his body is daily enfeebled, his mind narrowed and disturbed. The agriculturist, on the contrary, views the Deity in his works; *he* contemplates the divine economy in the arrangement of the seasons; and he hails *Nature* immediately presiding over every object that strikes his eyes; he witnesses many of her great and beauteous operations, and her reproductive faculties; his heart insensibly expands, from his minute acquaintance with multifarious objects, all in themselves original; whilst that degree of retirement in which he is placed from the bustling haunts of mankind, keeps alive in his breast his natural affections, unblunted by an extensive and perpetual intercourse with man in a more enlarged, and therefore in a more corrupt state of society. His habits become his principles, and he is ready to risk his life to maintain them. The western breeze seldom re-

freshes or fans the manufacturer's impoverished blood; to excite sensations, to create emotions, he must have recourse to artificial means. Thus he is either steeped in licentiousness, or shrivelled up in horrid fanaticism, exhibited in the contortions of a contracted countenance. His Deity is not the benign god of Nature, but a fantastic idol, the creature of a distempered body and a disturbed imagination,—a god of vengeance and of terrors; and because he views, daily, wretchedness, woe, disease, decrepitude, and envy, and malice, and meanness, and all the doleful contingencies and odious passions of our condition around him, he concludes that the same sentiments of disgust and hatred must canker the affections of the Deity, and that he hath created beings only to degrade them first, and to punish them afterwards. Herein is the awful contrast in the condition of these two classes of men—both useful, both born with the same capacity for happiness and dignity; for I never will allow dignity to be a quality to be severed from any description of men, however hum-

ble their fortunes may be. And do we not admire it even in brutes? Why should it ever be excluded from any class of men? Herein you must perceive, and must acknowledge, the power of cause and effect. Would you reform the morals and habits of men? Look to the direction in which they are placed. Moral lessons, like conscience, are modes, not causes. Place man in that station in which his habits will be the cause of virtue, and he will become virtuous; place him in a contrary state, give him all the lessons that virtue can dictate, virtuous he never can become.

But to resume the tenor of my discourse: I again repeat, that the happiness I enjoyed was such as, in the vanity of my wishes, I conceived would last during the whole course of my short existence, and then perpetually for my posterity. But my stream of life was not destined to meander through such flowery meads; it had to run through sands, and to rush down in a torrent headlong over precipitous rocks. Even at this hour I regret

how shortlived were those pleasures which I enjoyed for two years only, under the roof of my ancestors, after my grief had been so far abated as to be softened down into a placid state of melancholy. Then it becomes less selfish and more exalted, for then we feel less our own immediate loss, and the object of our former affections, drawn through the perspective of our recollection, is regretted for its own intrinsic worth. I regret the gratification of possession, the pride of command, and the charms of popularity: which can only arise from the possession of power, and the useful, gracious, and discreet use of it. My mind, then, continued to be improved and disciplined by books; my health invigorated by manly exercises and field sports, and my happiness completed by observing the high spirits and joy that beamed upon the countenances of those that surrounded me; from my friends who sympathized in my feelings and shared my amusements, to the labourer who was employed in the numberless schemes of improvement that I laid out. Again I repeat, that no station in the civilized world is capa-

ble of affording greater enjoyments, or being maintained with greater dignity, than those of a country gentleman of England. It is an union of a sort of moral *feudalism* and liberty, which, whilst it gives influence to rank and opulence, communicates a perfect equality of law to the poorest labourer; and we may observe that the chief excellence of such a condition is, that it is a political and civil state, as well as a social one; that it connects together the legislative as well as the magisterial functions, when the real object of public duties is neither destroyed or diverted from its proper channel by power or corruption. Thus the spirit of our constitution points out, that the laws should be administered in the first instance by those who reside among and know the people, who are the unpaid expounders of the law: for no system of just government can co-exist with a regular-paid magisterial police; its introduction being the first step to despotism, and its establishment the final consummation of tyranny. Hence arise political, which are ever party crimes; that is to say, crimes of

opinion : vices in the eyes of one set of men, and virtues in those of another. Although we groaned under Star-Chamber exactions, yet they affected the few only, and reached not those who lived aloof from public life ; and, in fact, we began not to open our eyes until the King, stimulated by his ambition and extravagance, began to put his hand forcibly into our pockets. This step brought home to every man's bosom the state of the nation, *and the object of government*. This was a natural deduction to make; and leads me to touch upon that famous question, what is *the object of government?* This it was that caused the subsequent civil war. The question, therefore, was this distinctly, whether the constitution of government was a monarchy, as some men vainly pretended, mitigated by a parliament which had emanated from the bounty of the crown ; or, in fact and in essence, a commonwealth, consolidated by an hereditary first magistrate, on whom the title of king had been conferred by way of grace and ornament, and in conformity with old feelings and decorum ?

The King maintained the former preten-
sion; the people the latter. Charles had been educated, during his brother Henry's life, with a view to his becoming Archbishop of Canterbury. King James was thoroughly convinced of the divine right of kings, from which necessarily flows the passive obedience of their subjects; a doctrine which he had early instilled into his son's mind; hence all those jesuitical evasions of his word, and mental reservations, which tainted all his dealings when he came to be opposed. This doctrine the Emperor Constantine had maintained, and had made the rule of his government, when he adopted the Christian religion, and created another religion, in which that was blended with many of the ceremonials both of Jews and Gentiles; and which religion maintained itself until the Reformation, under the style and title of Roman Catholic apostolic faith; although it was, *in fact*, of the Emperor Constantine's own composition.* Consequently the doctrine of divine right and pas-

* See the first Council of Nice, well explained in Thomas Hobbes' History of Heresy.

sive obedience, which was a main and leading tenet of it, remained whole and entire, until that bold reformer, Martin Luther, stood up in behalf of the reason and liberty of the human race. This dogma is so essentially interwoven with the canons of the church, *that confessors are allowed to communicate any intelligence of conspiracy against the state, which they learn through the medium of the confessional;* which, in other cases, even of murder, parricide, in the most horrible crimes that do not immediately affect the power of the sovereign, are concealed with the most inviolable secresy. Hence it is plain that the divine right of kings is a fundamental maxim of that religion, which for that purpose Constantine devised, imagined, and established. But this doctrine was destroyed by the Reformation. Unfortunately, the House of Stuart never maintained the principles of the Reformation to their fullest extent: and, whatever James or Charles might outwardly pretend, they cherished and adopted all the principles of the Roman Catholic Church. The Reformers having rejected

councils and decrees, and having put the Christian religion entirely upon the basis of the Bible, in no part of which the doctrine of divine right is positively laid down, the natural conclusion then drawn was, that kings reigned either by election or permission, or by compact, tacit or implied, or publicly agreed upon. No one pretended that they could reign lawfully by the power of the sword, which would be to confound might and right together. Hardly, indeed, could it be contended that they inherited the government of a nation, as an individual does a private estate, the tenantry of which exist under a compact with its owner; except in the instance of serfs and slaves, whose condition no one will assert is just, although many may find it convenient. We concluded that kings could have no right over the property of the people but by their own consent, and for the public service; and what they received for themselves, in the way of pay or remuneration for their services as first magistrate of the commonwealth; and that the title of king was in it-

self a title of honour, the highest honour possible, the same as archbishop, duke, or general, though higher in honour; but that his power was derived from the degree of authority given to him by the laws as first magistrate, or part of the constitution, and not from any right derived from the title of king, which being the symbol or mark of honour, or designation of station, was not power in itself. These notions spread themselves very generally among the people, and were entertained by all the most unprejudiced. To what purpose, it will be said, is it necessary to argue this trite question, so often refuted? So long as the institution of kings exists, so long will they have flatterers; and so long will they, sometimes directly, sometimes indirectly, countenance and approve of these slavish tenets. They will ever be comparing the condition of a kingdom to that of a private estate, contending for what they call a legitimate rule over it, which in their sense means absolute power. But, in order to accomplish this, they must destroy the property of every individual in the state: because two masters

cannot exist to the same property. Therefore the argument cannot hold good, that a kingdom in any way resembles a private estate, notwithstanding Charles pretended that England was a farm, and that he held the lease from God; but when he was called upon to produce that instrument, he answered after the manner of a despot, with the rattle of his musketry and the thunder of his cannon.

CHAP. VI.

BUT I was not destined to indulge these philosophical speculations on government in my closet only; the period was put to the nice examination of the first principles of property, of power, of influence, of justice, of law. The extended view that I had purposed to take (had I been left at leisure) of mankind was now narrowed into a particular perspective of our own policy. It resolved itself into these questions: shall we be enabled to maintain the tranquil enjoyment of our own property, whatever it may be? *first*, that of conscience as to the matters of religion? *secondly*, our approbation or disapprobation of the foreign or domestic policy of the state? and, *thirdly*, shall we be enabled to keep possession of our es-

tates in our own hands, and not alienate or grant them, or a part of them, without our own consent; and, *fourthly*, the most important of all, because the most difficult to be ascertained, how and in what manner is our own consent to be manifested? What is to be understood by our own consent: and are we to be bound by laws and regulations, that by the lapse of time may have become inefficacious to their original purposes, because obsolete? And what standard are we to take for the framing of new laws—is it to be our own intelligence, manifested in our judgment or opinion? Are these certain rules already imprescriptibly laid down that we are to abide by? These, therefore, were among some of the practical questions that I was now about to be called upon, whereon to act. I was thrust into public life, not from any seeking of my own, nor from my liking, but by the *irresistible force of events*—which is another term for the *chain of cause and effect*. A vacancy had occurred in the representation of our county by a death. My family had sat for it occasionally for centuries: thus habit, as

it were, had designated me in the public eye as the person to fill up the vacancy. My turn of thought, and my disposition, were well known to many of the leading gentlemen, and were approved of. With regard to my other qualifications, such as family and fortune, they, as I before observed, had frequently been the sole cause of many of my ancestors having obtained that honour. I had inherited my father's public opinions, because he had instilled them into me from the first moment that my reason had dawned; because whilst he lived I had revered him more than any other person; and because, he having died at that moment when my feelings were most alive to such a catastrophe, I had made it a pious duty to follow them implicitly. He had adopted these opinions, and formed his political principles, mainly from his great admiration of Queen Elizabeth: for he had considered her as a foil to all despots; and also because his own father had been very nearly burnt alive in Queen Mary's reign, because he was a man of a rough disposition, and a jovial temper; and had been

in the habit of ridiculing the priests, and the popular superstition of the day. Thus, to *trace cause and effect,* I could be no other than a *staunch parliamentarian.*

I was let into a new view of mankind during my canvass for the county. I saw much to admire, but more to condemn; I observed that, almost universally, the electors conceived that they were about to confer a private favour, rather than to exercise a public duty; they looked upon an election of a member to serve in Parliament rather as the means, or a mode of complimenting an opulent or popular gentleman, than the choosing a fit and proper person to represent them, and to carry into effect the fundamental principles of our constitution,—"that the people, under God, are the source and origin of all just power." The negligence of the electors was quite as general as their corruption, and full as culpable; for though, usually, in society we find more idle and inconsiderate men than decided wily or profligate ones, yet these idle and inconsiderate persons are often more selfish than disinterested: for

it is not incompatible to be both inconsiderate and at the same time to have a bias towards selfishness, without being what the world terms a consummate villain.

It is difficult to pronounce whether, on the balance, the virtue and exertions of mankind do not fall short of their institutions; or their institutions fall short of, and give not room enough for, the display of their virtue. In despotic states the latter contingency must be admitted; but, under such a government as ours, the former is the case: hence that abominable selfishness which pervades mankind in civilized life, and induces them to sell themselves; for willing slaves are just as apt to make tyrants, as tyrants are to make slaves. We are slaves to our pleasures, our vanity, and our fear; and he who will condescend to make use of these weapons, will tie us down in cruel bondage to him. We fly to any system of ethics, or of moral philosophy, that will shew us a loophole to creep out of. We dare not face the rule of right: the stern principles of the old stoics; but we must have pardon, forgiveness—new births;

we must have systems, that will play fast and loose, and that attach us to life and slavery, by exhibiting all the fantastic terrors of death. Hence, under such systems, such rules of conduct, is it to be wondered at, what a low ebb mighty human reason lies, even in the conduct of the highest concernments of human life,—how much prejudice, habitudes, and the religion of our nursery, prevail?

We give not fair play to institutions, which admit of the operations of just principles; but we warp them by our folly, and infect and taint them by our venom and our malignant selfishness. Hence a contrariety of opinions; hence civil wars; and we cannot come to a right conclusion, until after years of devastation and slaughter.

If the general education of mankind were conducted on such a plan, that they could be brought to look to their social duties before they considered their selfish interests, they would discover that they had taken a shorter path to their base cupidity: they would find, that they would have personally gained

mightily by such a mode of proceeding; but how is it possible to convince people of this important truth, when our systems of education are at variance with our reason? How frequently do we not observe, that the same man who would discover the keenest ingenuity in the management of his trade, or his private property,—in the purchase or sale of an estate, in the letting a farm;—how often do we not detect him disposing of a kingdom without one moment's reflection! Nothing so acute as the exercise of his understanding in his private concerns; nothing so obtuse, slovenly, or negligent, as its operation in public affairs. And yet he may be a good logician, without having discovered a *necessary connexion*—the necessary connexion between public and private affairs—that the one depends upon the other, that the minor is contained in the major. We have only to look at a voter in an election: if he be not corrupt, the giving of his suffrage is, possibly, the circumstance which hath given him the least trouble, thought, or length of consideration, for the whole of his life; and yet

that man, if he were called upon to dispose of his sheep, or a cow, of two or three dozen of candles, or a few yards of linen, would weigh well his profits and losses:—and yet his vote may decide an election; that election may determine, whether the greatest benefactor, or the worst enemy to his country, may be returned; and upon such a return may depend, through the chain of causes, the fortune or the bankruptcy of the voter. Thus, notwithstanding our erect front that looketh towards the heavens, our eyes are fixed upon the earth, and we shrink from any but the most contracted sphere. And what is it that contributes mainly to the decay of states: the corruption of the few, or the stupid listnessless of the many? Why are the few corrupt? Because the many are listless. Why are the many listless? Because their education is not in harmony with their best interests; because their system of ethics, which is the *primum mobile*, is founded on fear, which is the essence of selfishness. But more of this hereafter.

CHAP. VII.

I BELIEVE that an opinion hath generally prevailed, that conversation and good-breeding were at a greater height in the tranquil periods of Charles the First's reign than they had before been, or may probably be for some time yet to come. The outward demeanor of society, then, partook of somewhat of dignified gravity; but that carriage was not austere, and it exhibited that flowing courtesy, which so well became a nation that had not lost all that was graceful and disinterested in chivalry. The King's court was full of state and magnificence. His taste was excellent; he was a fine judge and encourager of the liberal arts, particularly of painting; he was graceful in all his exercises, and appeared most nobly on horseback;

altogether, in outward shew, he was a most perfect sample of a king; and his manners would have tended to have humanized and polished the age, had not his morals, which were those of a sanctimonious hypocrite, tended to introduce dissimulation. When I speak of his morals, I beg to be understood not in the vulgar sense in which that phrase can be taken, and not in its ordinary application, for no man was more exempt from any of the warm indulgences of our nature, as far as relates to commerce with the fair sex, or wine, or what is termed excess, or debauchery: he excelled in self-denial in these respects the most rigid of the Puritans. No man was more exact in his observance of the hour of prayer; and his countenance, always grave and decorous, increased, if possible, the effect which his habits produced. But here I must stop: he was without generosity, without enterprize, although not without obstinate courage. Without affection beyond the Queen; without compassion, without honour, and without truth; he was cold, calculating, selfish, and faithless. He upheld the church,

because he conceived it to be the fittest instrument whereby to obtain first, and then to support, that absolute power which he aimed at: making, as it were, of the Supreme Being an ally, and of His service a rod, wherewith to control the people. He liked tame and supple men, such as bend like reeds before the wind. Of the malignity of this heartless despot there are numberless instances on record; and, to detail them, it would be necessary to write the history of his reign. In the outset of his career he was aided by two notable apostles, who, for a time, were his great props: Laud, a mischievous mountebank, whose follies would only have excited contempt, had not his persecutions and his oppression provoked indignation, and stimulated revolt; and Strafford, a malignant apostate, who, after having ruined one kingdom by his iron and rapacious hand, began the ruin of another by his poisonous advice. The honest and intelligent gentlemen of England saw, felt, and understood these things; they were not then so weakened by luxury, so much attached to the outward enjoyments of life, as

tamely to sink under the debasing rule that was preparing for them; they determined to stand up against it like men, and after the manner of their ancestors. They considered the preservation of property to be the basis of all government; and, as the metaphysicians term it, that in this case government is the principle *à posteriori*, and the preservation of property the principle *à priori*, and not *vice versâ*, the doctrine of high churchmen, and of despots, that kingly government is the principle *à priori*, and property *à posteriori*; in fact, it reduces the question to this, whether kings are not instituted for the good of the people, or the people created for the use of kings.

The great men who now stood up in the cause of the human race, took care to explain what they meant by property, which hath a larger meaning in it than the advocates for what is called legitimate rule are willing to allow. Property, then, comprehends a man's religion: that is his dearest property, for that relates to the comfort of his conscience, which is the only part of him

exempt from inevitable fate; which is free, and peculiarly his own, because conscience contains within its wishes, hopes, regrets, fears, and satisfaction; although it be powerless, being no motive but a retrospect; or, if a prospect, that prospect drawn from a retrospect. Property, then, goes to include his good name and reputation: in this he must be protected; in his thoughts and opinions, when they are, upon the face of them, staid and rational; when they conscientiously appear to relate to the amelioration of his own condition, or of that of his fellow-creatures. This includes his property in his own intelligence, whether he makes it public by speech or writing; and, of course, this principle being applicable to one, is applicable to all; therefore there can be no libel permitted. If there be a libel, it must be prevented, because a libel is the invasion of the property of another. To speak truth of the living may be a libel, if censorious, because we prevent a man from regaining what he has lost,—a part of his reputation; and we thereby perpetually punish him for a crime committed,

which is contrary to justice. But, to speak truth of the dead cannot bear that interpretation, because they cannot recover what they have lost, and it may be of use to the living to hold them forth as examples. To question the acts of power is a man's essential *property*, because that power was originally established for his use, and convenience, and comfort; and, therefore, he hath the same right to question it, as he hath the conduct of his agent in any other of his affairs. Then comes the protection of every man's private property, which is absolutely his, and which cannot be alienated from him by any state regulation, with justice, and only by his *own consent*, convenience, or compact; such as his consent, where that *consent flows* through a *free channel:* for the payment of the public expense, by means of taxes; or the tying down his property by private compact, as in a marriage settlement, for instance. But the forcing him by law to dispose of his property other than after his own fashion, or the ancient rights of primogeniture, equally to all his children; or the regulating the propor-

tions, as is the case in some kingdoms, where the object is to crush families in order to aid *power;* is contrary to law, because contrary to justice; for power may make any regulation that it lists; but if it be not just, it is not binding law; at all events, we have the appeal to God. If, therefore, it be robbery to invade any man's property in all these particulars, the corollary of the argument is, that all governments which are *not representative*, are *usurpations*, founded on might against right, and on injustice; and all governments that are in part only representative, though *they affect to be representative*, yet not being so, amounting to the common acceptation of the phrase, or to our conscientious understanding of it, are worse than usurpations, because they add *mockery* and *insult* to injustice; and by means of delusion, prevent the people from observing under what sort of a system they live; for what insulting cruelty it is to mock us with the shadow, when we know that we possess not the substance!

Therefore, a representative that falls under the power of the executive or a faction, ei-

ther by means *of its original formation or election*, or subsequent means of acting on the individual passions, or base interest of its members, is an incumbrance and a nuisance in the state; because it adds greatly to the expense of the state, and because it is a mere bubble, and constantly sickeneth our hearts with hope deferred: it is an ample cloak for knavery, and the most secure engine of despotism.

Hence it follows that Charles was the usurper; that he made war upon his people, and not his people upon him: because the notoriety of the fact is such, that they have proved that he invaded the people's property in every one of the particulars above mentioned.

Then why should a people lie under a state of slavery, since they have only to ask themselves, Do I exist? Why do I exist? What are my privileges? Does my person belong to me? Does what it can acquire belong to me? Have I a right to dispose of that, to leave it after my death? It appears to me that every conclusion thus drawn is

most true and simple. And why should a people be under a delusion? Because in most countries they are forbidden to examine into these things by their priests; and having examined them, they cannot communicate the result of their examination, from the fear of the civil magistrate, who restrains the liberty of printing, or of setting forth their reasonings before the public. But verily that was not the case in England, where the Reformation had taken place; and where free printing and publishing were allowed. Let us examine into these particulars at this moment: the Reformation was not distant more than three quarters of a century; three generations of men had hardly passed away, and not above two since the restoration of liberty under Elizabeth; so that the clergy had not yet got quite clear of popery; the church had not been purified of many popish tenets and dogmas; and although idolatry had been suppressed, and confession, and some things too gross to go down any longer with the people, yet the authority of the church, the divine right of kings, the passive obedience of their

subjects, and such false and pernicious doctrines, still remained. Pretended divine authority, on the one hand, excited fanaticism on the other. Here, then, was an exemplification of action and reaction: just as the frenzy and fanaticism of Mahomet called forth the popes to excite the frenzy and fanaticism of the crusaders. It is also to Mahomet that the arts are indebted for the many magnificent churches, ecclesiastical establishments in Italy, with all their splendid ornaments in painting and sculpture: it was to set up one form of religion in opposition to another. But as far as the enjoyment of temporal power and wealth were in view, the profession of popery gained more by the fear of their adherents, than the professors of Mahometanism obtained by the valour of theirs.

The Parliament of England decreed, as the most efficacious plan of securing the liberties and properties of the nation, to sever popery completely from our reformed mode of the worship of the Deity: for popery had crept into our book of common-prayer; a great part of the liturgy being popish and

unscriptural, it had instilled itself into the doctrines of the Established Church, and promulgated that most dangerous tenet to the liberties of a people, which is the fundamental article of the Roman Catholic Church—the divine right of kings; all the tenets of which cometh, indeed, to that conclusion; although they may be modified or softened down, or coloured over, or concealed under particular forms. Yet the connexion of religion with the temporal power of magistrates, always leads or tends towards divine right, remotely or immediately; it is equally dangerous to religion as well as to liberty: for let a people strive ever so much to obtain their liberties, they cannot maintain them under the Roman Catholic religion, because their sovereign, that is the pontiff, is absolute; he cannot in his authority be questioned; therefore what he supports or approves cannot be questioned either. But we need go no further; a system that aims at nothing so much as to inspire a fear of death, and the power of remission of pretended sins, lays at once the groundwork of tyranny: for it is only by a continual con-

tempt of death, or riches, that a people can maintain their freedom; and it is yet a question, not of contemplative philosophy alone, but of matter of fact, how far spiritual tyranny can be congruous with temporal freedom. Let me not be thought to bear exclusively against Popery here; our own high church doctrines fall but little short of it in this particular.

Therefore if the Parliament of England desired to give the people that direction by which they should maintain their freedom, it was necessary to expunge every particle of popery from their religious instruction.

And why have mankind groaned so long under so terrible a system as that of arbitrary rule? Because over the greater part of the world they have not had it in their power to make use of their intelligence, or to communicate it: they have been kept in ignorance by their governors, in order to make them labour for their profit and pleasure, or to fight in wars in which they were in no wise interested; and where the chosen few, who could enlighten mankind

as to their condition, have been willing so to do, they have been prevented, by restrictions having been put upon their circulating or publishing their writings.

Inasmuch as the intelligence of man is the most beautiful and sublime of God's works of which we have an intimate knowledge—inasmuch as all rational men have always considered it to be immortal and indestructible, because it is an indiscerptible essence; because, although acting on discerptible matter, it hath properties which matter cannot reach; qualities so superior, that oftentimes it is not affected by the pain, and the partial destruction of that matter that composes its visible and outward form;—inasmuch, I say, as this glorious attribute of the human race is superior to all combinations; in the same degree it is the height of the perversion of reason and justice to disturb its course; to arrest its full flowing tide over all the human race. If, through the mere wits of man, God hath ever made a revelation, or presented a gift, to enable his creatures to separate and distinguish

them from the grovelling herds of brutes, it is, and with reverence be it spoken, the divine art of printing, whereby our intelligence is enshrined and perpetuated; penetrating into the darkest recesses, floating over the most distant seas, and connecting the whole human race into one *species*. By its magic charm the intelligence of one that hath been years, long, laborious, and painful years, in collecting, becomes in a few days, nay, in a few hours, the intelligence of the many. That ætherial spirit, which here and there rarely descends upon one chosen depository of the bounty of Providence, by communicating itself, with electric rapidity brings up the rest of mankind to its advanced landmark. Whilst Divine Intelligence! she, who is the first-born daughter of heaven, precursor of our liberty, and parent of our happiness, bursting like Aurora from uncreated light, begins to shed her rays universally upon earth; in order that, illumined by her generally, no longer by partial efforts, mankind may maintain their station.

CHAP. VIII.

THE distinction between civil and political justice lies obscured in the most recondite theory of government, and our experience rather tends to confirm us in the melancholy conclusion. How difficult is the co-existence of these two principles; for that same progress of civilization (mainly diffused by the liberty of the press) which perfectionates the civil justice of states, may possibly retrogade their political liberty. In ancient times oppression sprang from the character of the ruler; in latter times it is conjoined to systems: and civil justice, being a part of the *artful system*, becomes a powerful adjunct to *political injustice*. Then the tyranny lay in the tyrant's heart; and when that was struck by the patriot's steel, he and his oppression fell, and

the people rose from their prostrate posture on the earth. Hence tyrannicide was the noblest virtue, and the most glorious act. In more modern times, it quenches, it is true, the oppressor's life; but the blood that flows from his wounds only invigorates his system. Brutus struck Cæsar *to the heart*, but he could not strike the base passions upon which Cæsar had erected his throne; and Cæsar's blood dimmed the eyes of mankind (suffused with the tear of compassion) from discovering those passions, and the system survived. Nero, and others of the emperors, seeing that the religion of the Cross was the bane of tyranny, in their mad and blundering proscriptions strived to crush it. Constantine, more artful, adopted it, and fashioned it to his purpose; and that system which was to give civil and political justice to mankind, by the means of pure theism and universal philanthropy, became a baleful engine of oppression, by the means of false doctrines and false metaphysics, whereby the reason and justice of all its votaries were perturbed or suppressed. Although no vestige remained of

civil justice, yet the native energy of man often broke through the most galling trammels, and procured for himself political justice; he obtained the temporary redress of grievances. Thus by degrees he slid silently into a system, which, whilst it secured the liberty of individuals, destroyed that of the state; and I prophesy, that we shall in Europe proceed in rendering so perfect our civil liberty, that we shall utterly annihilate the freedom of the body politic. Our kings will in future ages no longer be to be feared on account of prerogative, but the spiders they employ will hold us fast in cobwebs. We shall cease to look at our kings face to face; to follow them to war, or obey them when justice is on their side, and resist them when they oppress us. But they will play a surer game:—reason of state, that bottomless pit, will engulph us. Large revenues, enormous state mortgages, standing armies, paid magistrates, and their followers, spies and informers,—the most infernal vermin that God hath ever permitted to crawl on the face of the earth, to poison civil society,—will deliver us, bound hand and

foot, into the power of the Philistines; and, if, like Sampson, we exert our strength, and strive to extricate ourselves from the toils, we pull down the whole edifice upon our heads. Yes, we shall grow more refined, more luxurious every day: to protect these refinements, and these luxuries; to pamper ourselves with greater variety of enjoyments, we shall demand laws and regulations, which those who look to real power will readily grant us. They will rejoice in our imaginary wants, because every want will be an additional link in the chain of servitude. Shadows will have more delight for our posterity, than substances had for our rough ancestors; for they will be noosed by ribbons and decorations, like springes that are set to catch the little vermin that crawl through hedges. A part of each community, disregarding the possessions of their ancestors, which according to law and justice have descended to them, will look to increasing their revenues by means of the grant of part of the public stock. This will be called *loyalty;* the maintenance of social order, and

of religion. War will be engaged in to serve the humour, the caprice, or to sate the vengeance of rulers. Public liberty being destroyed, these wars will run on until the source which supplied them shall become dry; and Europe and the world will present the lamentable aspect of nothing but despotic commands on the one hand, and nothing but tame compliance on the other. Yet we shall enjoy *civil liberty* and *mock justice!* call it what you will. We shall be polished, humane, religious, and learned; we shall become admirable rhetoricians, nice grammarians; whilst no man shall know either what his property is, or in what his rights consist. Every one will be the slave of a system; and as long as that system lasts, he must be content to be carried along with it. Probably this was, in part, the case in Charles's time, though not to the extent to which we may expect that such a state of things will arrive. But one cause why affairs came to an issue between Charles and the Parliament was, that the system I have been treating of was then only in the bud, and much of positive injustice

remained, which was palpable to the understandings of the people at large. They were not then hoodwinked by tyranny being hid in a specious system, and extending its baleful rule by influence. The Court of High Commission and the Star Chamber were well understood; they were seen, known, and felt. The levy of ship-money, and of all the other taxes, pretended to be grounded upon the prerogative, was also visible,—and being visible, could be opposed; therefore there was no great virtue in opposing them: but to oppose crimes, it is necessary that they should be visible or tangible; so much so, that men may come to a common conclusion with respect to them: such as a murder or robbery; and yet there may be as much wickedness, and more mischief, in that which does not at the outset appear so palpably bad as the murder or the robbery. And yet virtuous men, or men who have the reputation of being virtuous, may be supine, or approve such as an unjust and unnecessary war, which is a continuation for years of murder and of robbery; aye, even at the same time, they may

plume themselves upon the support of it.

Now the cause of this great and apparent inconsistency is two fold: first, ignorance; secondly, vice; that is, preferring our private advantage, in whatsoever shape it presents itself, before what our reason tells us is the general good. Wisdom, therefore, resolves itself into this: *the absence of ignorance*, or looking far into the result of causes; and *virtue* into *disinterestedness;* and civil justice, which is another word for civil liberty, springs therefore from selfishness,—from each man's selfishness having a sort of play. So does political liberty spring from disinterestedness, which is the height of virtue; and in proportion as a state is compressed by the power of one man, or a system, you will see the people gentle to each otber; they will, in truth, become selfish, and they will lose all public feeling and exertion. The same men who would scruple to pack a jury, or commit a man for a private crime unjustly to prison; who would in their daily dealings evince justice and charity; yet nevertheless would in a senate or pariiament, or at the council of the

king, recommend or support the most unjust and oppressive measures. They content the people with civil justice, but political justice is too refined a principle for common understandings to reach: it is too metaphysical, therefore it is no food for the mass. Besides, if we dilate too much upon it, what becomes of kingcraft and priestcraft? what becomes of all those means of acquiring the wages of the labours of others, whilst we sit idle ourselves? If we were to place all institutions upon their true basis, and conduct the science of government and of religion according to eternal principles of justice, every man would be reduced to live upon what his fathers had saved for him, or upon the product of his own industry; and there would be no drones in the hive, or if there were, they would starve; and we should cut down foreign politics into a very narrow compass. The relations between nation and nation would become very simple, and the prejudices and passions, the vain glory, revenge, and folly of princes and factions, would have no room to play.

In ancient Greece, the moral teachers were nowise connected with political power; they enforced notions of pure abstract virtue in the minds of their disciples. These disciples brought the same notions with them into public life: hence what actions did they not perform? Our little souls shrink within themselves, and tremble at their bare recital. The difference between the early Christian doctrines, as preached by their primitive professors, and those of the stoics, are, that the former arrived at virtue and excellence by humility, the latter by unbending dignity; both maintained devotion to disinterestedness and virtue unto death. Constantine united the distinction between the sacrificer or priest with that of the moral teacher and philosopher, and thus joined the sacerdotal office with the system of government. Hence divine right in kings; hence the destruction of patriotism, taught as a moral science; hence the pollution of religion; hence the blasphemous assumption that the Supreme Being is the ally of the magistrate; hence kingcraft and priestcraft. The Reformation strove hard to bring back

religion to its primitive principles; but then, in some churches, it hardly went far enough. The glorious age of the resistance to Charles the First's tyranny, exemplified that attempt still further. The Parliament were aware that man receives the direction which he is to take, from the religion that he is taught; his notions of morals, of law, civil and political; of his relations with other men, his notions of the Deity, all spring from his early education; *from this cause the clergy may be said to be the fundamental legislators of the kingdom.* On them how much depends; and what legislators have they often proved! Our mode of religion depends upon the place of our birth, or the mode of religion before practised by our parents. Thus if a man be born at Constantinople, he is a Mahometan; in Russia, a Greek; at Rome, a Catholic; in England, a Protestant; on the Ganges, he follows the faith of Brahma. To object to him on account of his religion, would be as reasonable as to object to him on account of the language that he spoke. God hath revealed his existence to us through his

works; and in whatever quarter of the globe we may have been born, we conclude his existence, because we have senses and reason. The particular mode, therefore, in which he is to be worshipped, belongs to the civil polity of each state to determine, and is a civil law thereof; and that mode of worship will ever be analogous to the state of intelligence and civilization of such a polity, and to the direction of its government. This mode of religion is not, therefore, a law pointed out by God to men, because it is not general, but a deduction given to us by God, to be drawn from our reason and observation, on which man is to legislate according to the best of his pure intelligence, which teaches him that there is a first cause continually operating through second causes; this conviction is in itself a great scheme of religion. The general laws, as displayed in the operations of nature, appear to our senses uniform, and are connected by a principle of harmony; all these works appear from their uniformity to have but one creator, and the laws whereby they are regulated are general. But in the

deductions of man's reasoning faculties we discover dissimilarity; his conclusions are various, from his ignorance of the laws of nature; in no instance so much as upon the subject of the modes of religion; consequently these modes are not laws of nature, but laws of man. Religion, therefore, is a science parallel to our intelligence, and as such it ought to be considered by all lawgivers. Its form is by the law, and within the law, and may be varied according to the law; and no priests can have any power in a state but that which the law of the land gives them. Their doctrines and their discipline both diverging out of the civil law, may be revised, corrected, altered, or improved by the civil law; they being only the ecclesiastical servants of law; of that particular law of the state that regards the worship of God.

The providence of God, then, speaking through man's intelligence, there exists no crime which is not a crime by law. I am of opinion with the old stoics that all crimes are equal, because they are the deviation from the law, which then is the deviation from virtue. By

punishing all deviations from law, not for the damage that they occasion, but because they are deviations from the law, which is the only rule that a man can be bound by, we place the people in a good direction; civil and political liberty are, therefore, in some sort, incompatible. But if we desire to give a people great political liberty, we must narrow their civil liberty, by the stern enforcement of the common law, in order to root out personal licentiousness; then we can grant them extensive political liberty: this is the essence of popular principles of government. To accomplish this object, I rely mainly upon patriarchal or family government, rather than what is termed civil police; for I place all abstract virtue in the natural affections. The first and most outrageous violation of the natural affections is the substraction of the patriarchal power by means of police regulations, which merges children into more extended families than those of their blood; thus preparing them for civil slavery, under the artful plea of civil benefit. I highly approve of the Old Testament being read in families as a *moral lesson*, in order

to impregnate the youth with the beauty and simplicity of original patriarchal and family government. In no book do we find more primary instruction than in the Old Testament, because there is in it none of the ideal perfection, drawn from the precepts of the *first philosophy*, which is often metaphorical, and always contrary to nature: there may be *allegories*, but its instruction is positive; and the *allegories* are obvious to every *sane* understanding: it teaches pure, and simple, unadulterated theism — patriarchical virtuous government, and great political freedom. The notion of theocracy crushes the divine right of kings, and establishes equality before the law. Those fiery zealots who would have us take allegories for categories, do religion no service; those who would expound the Old Testament literally, are its most indiscreet enemies. It is certainly a *revelation*, because every amelioration of our condition, and every good direction, is a *revelation*; for infinite intelligence communicates itself through finite intelligence.

CHAP. IX.

My pen has run away with me through several chapters into a large political discourse, better suited possibly to the purposes of an essay: though it may here find excuse, as a prologue to those scenes which I shall have hereafter occasion to describe.

I found myself in a situation on my arrival in London, in which every thing that could awaken the attention, rouse the passions, gratify curiosity, and excite public spirit, had now scope enough to play. As my more serious hours were occupied in parliament, so the more trifling ones were dedicated to the cultivating of friendship, and to society, which then shone with great splendour, and was kept together with very fine taste. For near a century the English ladies had

been much addicted to learning, and had at the same time kept themselves within all the rules of the most exact breeding. The dignity and ease of their conversation, their staid behaviour, the high and punctilious sense of honour (although alloyed with a great frequency of duelling), among the men; the noble deportment, and flowing courtesy of both sexes, gave the manners and morals a very high tone. I found that many ladies held constant societies at their houses for the purposes of conversation. Among others the Countess of Essex, which I frequented in preference to other relaxations; and which might then have been considered as the best schools of good-breeding then in Europe: certainly not inferior to the circles in France, although then graced by the presence of a Duc de la Rochefaucault, and a Duchesse de Longueville. In truth, the rugged climate of our northern isle is but too apt to blunt our courtesy; we require that, which will tend to varnish over our habits with something of romantic gallantry; we have not naturally those fine and fervid tints which overspread the aspect of human

life under the more genial warmth of a southern sun. We may, by cultivation, derive a greater advantage than from living under such a sun, which, though it spontaneously produces flowers of the sweetest fragrance, yet frequently generates reptiles replete with venom. Every age hath had its peculiar excellencies; in every age one part or other of the human race have been benefited. It is a melancholy proof that *perfection* is unattainable; and that the whole of the contingencies and condition of our existence is founded on balances and compensations: and a good principle which flourisheth in one age, is destroyed in another, and supplied by another, which brings advantages to us of a different kind. *Excellence*, or *perfection*, then, is a quality purely ideal: since our experience has furnished us with no standard, either to measure or compare it with. All we can discover, then, from our sensations and our experience is, when we are uneasy, and by dint of efforts to remove that uneasiness, we may sometimes ameliorate our condition. In considering the condition of women as far

back as the records of history can give us information, we shall find this notion illustrated. If we take the age of Pericles, at Athens, as a period glorious in the annals of mankind, and the pure times of the Roman republic, still, in considering the condition of the women, there was far from an equality or reciprocity of advantages in the relative state of the sexes. Thus, if we descend to the middle ages, when Europe was alleged by mock philanthropists and flippant coxcombs to be overspread with darkness, cruelty, bondage, ignorance, priestcraft, and barbarism of every kind: out of this pretended dark night were seen, however, to shine the stars of chivalry; the only moral guides that were left. It is true, from the frequency of war, women were often left abandoned to the most brutal passions; for in constant war and turmoils, that religious respect which is had for them in the east, and which protects them in the midst of the greatest disorders of states, did not extend its influence in our western hemisphere: beyond the track that the noble Moors had trod in one

country only, Spain, where they had conquered; consequently it became the province and duty of chivalry to protect them. And the present condition of the weaker sex is ameliorated beyond what it was in the politest days of antiquity, from the necessity of absolute personal protection, and not from *any moral principle whatever*. Thus women, who, in the east, stood in less relative need of safety, have remained prisoners and slaves in their harems. Women, who in the pure times of liberty and learning, in Greece and Rome, were also protected, remained, as long as those republics existed, domestic servants. Women, from the force of circumstances, and the state in which they were exposed in the middle ages, have since become the delightful and rational companions of man, and have been placed upon a footing of equality with him in society. In the old republics, the institutions and laws provided for the public as well as the private safety, or rather the efforts of every individual were turned from the consideration of his private safety, and convenience towards the public good,

which was the defence of the state; and a sort of principle called glory, which was honour arising from the fear that other states had of it, and admiration of their contempt of pleasure and of life. Thus the women, being useful only in propagating the species, and all refinements of affection, which is called sentiment, being turned towards the public, little of exalted love fell to their share; a woman being considered as the absolute property of the husband, and her only object being to breed children, and to rear them in their tender infancy, all commerce between the sexes was interdicted, as tending to gallantry: for adultery was held in horror:—hence nothing could be more reserved than the conduct of the women, or more retired than their mode of life. But when these states were destroyed, when the barbarians laid waste Europe, and when no longer good laws and regulations were observed, mankind fell, for mutual protection, into the feudal system; that is, each family formed a little military state, and every dwelling-house became a castle. Women

then excited the compassion of the brave young men, who, under the character of knights, defended them, and in return granted them their favours. But this commerce was not carried on in the coarse and licentious manner in which it was in the decay of the ancient republics, or under the Roman emperors, where none of that refined passion of love existed; but in the days of romance it was always the precursor of a more decided passion. The Christian religion, too, ameliorated much the condition of women: that is to say, it softened the rigid discipline they were under, *although it might have had a tendency to relax their morals from its tenderness and mysticity;* for until the Reformation, and even since, in countries where the Roman Catholic Religion exists, gallantry is carried to a height that would have astounded the ancients in their pure times. But this is the abuse of that good which I said the middle ages and chivalry introduced. In proportion as the women have seemed to require the protection of the men less, in the same proportion they seem to have rewarded them more.

The Reformation curtailing the efficacy of faith, destroying tradition, and many of the foundations upon which the Romish religion was built, took a spring back again to morals, and adhered to the doctrines of the early Christians; and to those of the stoics and academics, and other rigid sects: so that it brought back the old feelings respecting chastity, and made men look rather to the good of the community than to their own pleasures,—which is, of all principles, that which supports a pure state of morals the most:—as pure morals may be *defined to be justice towards ourselves*, in maintaining our own dignity to each other, and in not invading mutual rights. The latter end of the sixteenth, and beginning of the present century, being a most learned age, was also a moral one; great decorum was observed, and there was an absence of grossness and indelicacy.

If, as I have before observed, the clergy are the fundamental legislators of states, women may be said to be the fundamental instructors of youth; for *in their* hands children first are trained; and as their first impressions are al-

ways the strongest, the importance of the first direction is incalculable. The female mind is ever inclined to mysteries, therefore the inculcation of a simple intellectual religion becomes doubly important. The weeds that spring up in their minds are capricious versatility, overweaning fondness, and a love of spiritual mysteries: and they are prone to fanaticism; they have a general persuasion of accident, chance, fortune, arising from the want of patience in tracing second causes. How easily, therefore, by these means, cowardice, selfishness, and superstition are generated, particularly in a state where the prince aims at becoming despotic, and the clergy omnipotent. One cause of the noble struggle for our laws and liberties at this period was, that since the Reformation the women of England had received a *new direction*, and had given it to their children; and had prepared them for receiving the great lessons of morals and virtue contained in the classic works of the ancients. The soul was admitted to exist, but not attempted to be defined. This doctrine generally propounded

against the opinions of the old schoolmen, had a most wonderful influence in calming the human mind: for this notion at once got rid of spirits, ghosts, purgatory, praying for dead men's souls, and all the bewitching, alarming fantasies of the Romish and Gentile Churches. It banished idle terrors by reducing the fear of death into the regret only of losing life; and threw all men upon reposing, full of gratitude and confidence, in the arms of the *Great Author of Nature;* and driving away from our habitable globe those flitting phantoms that the *Gentiles first*, and the Romish clergy afterwards, encouraged by a necessary train of deduction, though not immediately by doctrines; it cut off the immediate relation between this world and the next, which is much more connected in the old religions. Thus, I say, that these considerations entering men's minds, formed one of the proximate causes of that self-reverence, that personal independence, and *fearless resistance to unlawful authority*, which will render the age of Charles the First *glorious* to the *latest posterity*.

Women, so trained, could not but have a powerful effect; first, by enforcing on childhood their maternal instructions; and secondly, upon manhood their conversation;—thus they were inspired by self-reverence, *that armour of virtue.* If any thing could have tended more to have favoured these truths, it was their experience of *the Queen's character*, whose education was directly the reverse of that of the English ladies. She was a furious and superstitious bigot; combining levity and fanaticism—the most perfect ingredients for headlong tyranny that human caprice can form. The King was her slave: and one cause of his misfortunes, if not the main one, was that tame submission to her humour, so dangerous to him and to the state. When I recollect *those delightful hours*, passed in the converse with such eminent persons, who could look forward to all the dreadful scenes that were about to occur without fear, or even alarm, I feel proud to have existed at such a period; when the courage of the men was roused by the refined sentiments, and the exquisite sense of the public and moral duties

with which all classes of the women seemed to be animated; for as they have in general a more quick sense of wrong than men, they favoured the public cause. The detailed history of these times is too well known for me to do more than just now and then to strive to extract the spirit of the facts. The last act of aggression that brought matters to an issue was excited by a woman. The Queen influenced the King to go to the House of Commons to demand the five obnoxious members: thus, like another *Helen*, she prepared another Iliad of woes! "Go, you coward!" she cried, "fetch me out those knaves!" He was foiled, as is well known, in the attempt; and his ears were astounded in his retreat by the cries of "privilege! privilege!" Thus the war began; for that was the first overt act. He went into the City to demand his prey—his ears were again assailed by the same cry: and there was thrown into his coach a most portentuous scroll, "To thy tents, O Israel!" The spirit of discontent and distrust, murmuring louder and louder as it descended lower, agitated the

people like a troubled sea. The King quitted the capital, the seat of power of his ancestors; he retired sullenly from palace to palace, until he reached the north. There, out of the vortex of the clamour against his misrule, he set up his standard: but that was thought by many to display a presage of bad augury. With difficulty it was set up upon the hill where the famous castle of Nottingham stands; famous from being the lurking place from *whence the cruel Mortimer was dragged from the arms of another wicked Queen*, and paid the homage of his life to filial piety and public justice. On the evening of the 22d day of August, 1642, was it set up; it was blown down the same night, and could not be fixed for a day or two until the tempest was allayed.

Thus we sometimes see a small black cloud, which, in the mariner's phrase, contains but a cap-full of wind, growing by degrees larger and larger, until it overspreads with a dark hue the whole horizon. Suddenly the gale bursts forth; the lower it sweeps, the more furiously it agitates those things which

seem to have the firmest foundation. The venerable oak is torn up by the roots; his broken fangs have spoiled a rood of land; the noblest pile reels, then falls with a crash, and crumbles into dust; inviting the antiquary to speculate, as on the ruins of Palmyra, or far distant Thebes. The flood, rushing from the mountains as in Switzerland, or in the midst of the rugged Apennine, flows over its banks, and desolates the plain. The peaceful peasant and his humble cottage is not spared: the hideous ruin of our science, our arts, and our labour, floats upon its foaming, dun-coloured tide.

Thus, through the link of these second causes, we trace the finger of God!

CHAP. X.

THE human mind can conceive no moment more awfully grand, no spectacle more touching, no sensation more electrifying, than that of the period I have just described in England. To behold a great people, enlightened by the purest ray of the purest intelligence, appealing to God for justice! and, upon the issue of that appeal, ready to embrace every danger, to incur every risk; to sacrifice their lives, their own fortunes, and the fortunes of their children; to fall under, if unsuccessful, the obloquy attached to the name of traitor; to desolate their country, and their estates (the source of all their enjoyments, and even of their existence); to be parties to the destruction of their houses, the pride and comfort of their lives;

to turn adrift upon the world their wives, disconsolate, ruined, and premature widows. To reflect, that those children who were born to opulence and distinction, might henceforth be wanderers on the face of the earth, exiles, wretched and despised, in foreign countries; or compelled to catch their subsistence at home by the means of handicraft, in which they were to encounter more successful rivals in the commonalty! such a spectacle to behold! such a contingency to contemplate! such an enterprize to undertake, was the most glorious the human mind could indeed conceive! It was thou! O immortal Spirit! when appealed to by the upright hearts of a suffering people, that inspired and directed us to meet and surmount these appalling ills: thou, who swelling our hearts with thy spirit, enabled us to stand unmoved, even amidst the din and carnage of a social war! But were we to sum up the obligations of mankind to any particular set of men, to whom would they be found most due—to the philosopher, in his search after truth; in finding out all the relations of things;

by the pursuit of abstract ideas, and by dint of the patience of thought? To him, undoubtedly, the thanks of mankind are due: yet not the highest. Are they due to the legislator, who compresses the thoughts and researches of the philosopher into a code of laws, applicable to the various contingencies of human life? Are they due to the upright magistrate, who impartially administers those laws; and, who by his own conduct and example, mainly enforces them? Are they due to the warrior, who sheds his blood in defence of these institutes, in resisting the inroads of foreign enemies? To the historian, who recounts his deeds, or to the poet who celebrates them? To all these classes honour is due, and gratitude from the mass of mankind. But the highest glory is reserved for him, who, in bad times, dares be a patriot! who, when the state is out of joint, dares to set it right! who, when his countrymen lie prostrate on the earth, dares to raise them up! who compels the legislator, the magistrate, when they have forgotten their duty, to follow the rules, and

adopt the deductions of the philosopher; who dares to raise his hand, and strike for justice sake! to whom, in her sacred cause, the field of battle is a joyous theatre; the dungeon an oratory, to pour forth his soul to God; the rack a bed of roses; and the scaffold a throne of triumph; and death a crown of glory. Such is the rich meed of the dauntless patriot; such, to the latest posterity, as long as Englishmen are Englishmen, will be your high renown, O, *Hampden!* and all ye worthies, who have since trod in his revered steps! Noble and disinterested patriots! valorous warriors! Ye, who while ye stood undaunted in the field of battle; whose steady countenances remained undismayed in presence of all the array of usurped authority; who, armed with good consciences within, and tough iron without, could charge bravely, or fiercely withstand the shock of blind impetuous chivalry. Never in your camp you forgot your social duties; order, sobriety, reverence for religion and the laws, hung on all your footsteps. Wherever you marched, you met with warm friends among a grateful

people; you proved to the world, that your duty to your country was no chimerical duty; you proved that loyalty to the crown may sometimes be best shewn by opposing the King who is himself disloyal to the crown that hath been placed on his head: for the crown is the emblem of the sovereignty of the nation. Consequently, a king is no other than one of the people, whom the rest have chosen to bear the insignia of their rule. This was proved in the fine reply of the Earl of Surrey to Richmond on Bosworth Field. Henry asked him, "how he dared fight for a usurper?" to which the stout warrior made an-answer, "*I fought not for a usurper; Richard was acknowledged King by the Parliament; and had the Parliament hung the Crown upon a hedge-stake, I would have fought for it.*" Henry owned the justice of this sentiment, restored to him his honours, and employed him in the field. His son did the same, with great success. It thus appears clear, that utility is the basis of all civil and ecclesiastical polities, and what *that* utility is, belongs to the Parliament to determine. Nor could it be

objected to the Parliament that they established their ecclesiastical establishments upon the footing of the best reformed churches on the Continent, of which that of Geneva was the chief. For in the first place, such form of church government was much more analogous to the usages of a free state, and would at all seasons ensure the maintenance of liberty, which, under God, is every man's birthright. Secondly, it expunged all fantastic creeds, which are neither agreeable to the scriptures nor to common sense; bewildering the imaginations of weak minds, and exciting the contempt of strong ones; and thus tending to encourage irreligion and atheism. Not that I, *individually*, am averse from the *frame* and *polity* of the English church government: I hold it to be noble and magnificent; well according with the dignified aristocracy that exists in England. Our two famous universities are the venerable source of all polite erudition, and admirably form and fashion our youth. To the exterior form of the church I bow with reverend awe and secret satisfaction. I see in it an earnest for

the permanence of other great establishments.

I laud the prophetic sagacity of that acute Roman, Cornelius Tacitus, when he indulges in his idea of a sublime republic, thereby designating modern Britain, "*Dilicta ex his* "*et consociata Reipublicæ forma, in quâ Reges,* "*Primores, et Populus regnant laudari facilius* "*quam evenire, aut si eveniat, non diuturna* "*esse potest.*" To the frame of the church I do not object, but greatly approve of it. From *its doctrines I dissent;* and that *dissent* is *strongly marked, explained, and reasoned* upon throughout these pages; and therein justice must be done to me, that I have not flippantly expressed this dissent, but have gone deep into the matter. Above all, I have insisted upon the doctrine of necessity; and although some may affect to be startled at the doctrine of election, yet it may be proved as conclusively as any mathematical proposition whatsoever.

The doctrine of election, then, is a corollary from the doctrine of necessity; that of necessity, from the doctrine of the being of a God. If we admit a God, we must admit his attributes: because, from the necessary sup-

position of such attributes, we conclude his existence; hence his omnipotence, omniscience, omnipresence, and prescience. "In him we live, and move, and have our being." Consequently he is the primary or efficient cause of all things, and therefore a link of causes must run through the chain, until the final causes, all springing from the efficient cause, and tending towards the final cause. Therefore our individual free agency is a mere chimera, and the result of the error of our conceiving our conscience to be an efficient cause; whereas it is only the mirror in which we pass in review the internal sensations that we feel of the result of causes; hence as our fortunes and habits are various, we conclude an election. Will any man deny this reasoning? If so he must be prepared to prove, that eternity is not an endless succession of time,* but what the schoolmen have termed a *nunc stans*, a perpetual stand-

* This regards only modes and special existence that exist in time, and is referable only to human actions. It hath no reference to the deity or the universe, whose properties are perpetual actuality, and are not contained within the idea of time.

ing still of time, in which there lies no need either of prescience in the Deity, or causation in the operations of nature. Upon this hypothesis the result of all our observations and experience would come to a nullity; and all our proofs would be *à priori*, and not *à posteriori*, even of things most obvious. The liberty of man, then, hath been insisted on in a great measure to give power to the magistrate and the priesthood; in derogating from the power of God; and in making him a prototype of the heathen Jupiter. Balancing in scales the fortunes of mankind, in a passive state, which he was incapable of directing; and then handing over such as displeased him to eternal punishment. This error, with many more the result of the false metaphysics and prejudices of the Gentiles, has crept into the Christian church, but was wisely and rationally rejected by the reformers, particularly those of Geneva, who have deemed the liberty of the creature incompatible with the omnipotence of the Creator. Why, therefore, should the people of England preserve a system less reasonable than that of the people of Geneva,

and of almost all the reformed churches on the continent? Hence the Parliament thought it essential to conclude that which Elizabeth had begun, and which, there is reason to believe, had she lived a few years longer, she would have perfected, and thus probably have saved *us* the civil war, and *Charles* his head.

We had now done with arguing: the moment of action had arrived. Europe teemed with experienced soldiers of fortune, who had fought in the maintenance of a principle, and to obtain renown, more than to defend their respective states. Such had been the case with the numerous English volunteers that had filled the ranks of the Hollander against the Spaniard, and of the Swede against the Imperialist. Many Swedes, Germans, and Hollanders passed over into England. Men of approved skill, and long experience, offered to the Parliament to draw again their swords, in a kindred quarrel; for the Protestant interest all over Europe was with the Parliament, and against the King.

The great Gustavus Adolphus had filled

Europe with his renown, and had disseminated his principles and his science; so that we did not enter into the war with that deficiency in skill and experience which might have been expected. My mind was ever eager to catch at compensations, and I thought that I perceived many for the ills that we were about to suffer, in that flow of friendship, which devotion to public interests necessarily must generate.

As families are the epitomes of states, so is friendship the epitome of patriotism. Through friendship we aspire to the boldest undertakings, and in friendship we find consolations for the bitterest disappointments. By the overflowings of our hearts into the bosoms of others, we give extension to the vital principle of social life, which thereby obtains additional energy, and suffocates selfishness—that canker of our breasts—that bane of our virtue. Supported on the wings of pure and virtuous friendship, our steps falter not on the arid sands of the Lybian desert; our hearts bound as elastic as the buoyant ship over tempestuous waves; nay more, we may smile even

on the frowns of fortune, and sink without anguish into the arms of inevitable fate. Let every patriot erect an altar to friendship. It is the surest means of obtaining his ends.

Do we not in this principle discover a dispensation of Providence? a law of God, that teaches us, by induction, to call no man master, since mastery and friendship dwell not together? How inconsistent, then, are many human institutions; when indeed we feel vexed, insulted, harassed, and oppressed by them! Let us fly for relief into the arms of friendship. If it cannot achieve our deliverance, at least it may ensure a compensation. These were the sentiments with which I put on my buff coat, laced my helmet, and buckled on my sword.

CHAP. XI.

THE Committee of Danger gave me a commission to raise a regiment of horse. I hastened to my own country, where I found abundance of officers among the neighbouring gentlemen. They brought with them their followers and retainers. Every one seemed eager to engage in the war, because all had only been acquainted with peace. War's hideous head had not been raised in England for a period long beyond the traditions of men; and what we know from history alone has but little effect upon us. To be prudent, we must wait for our own experience. Even the women, unconscious of future scenes, pleased with the bustle, smiled upon our purpose, and stirred up our mettle.

I must here pass over some months, as nothing worthy of remark occurred until I joined the Parliament Army, which were assembling at Northampton. The Earl of Essex, general of that army, had his head-quarter in that town. Here I met with many former friends, whose hearts all beat high with expectation; who, united together in one cause, and relying upon each other, thought themselves to be invincible. And who is there that has a heart, who would not lose life, or limb, or fortune in such a cause? Who is there that hath ever witnessed despotic government in foreign states, who would not readily lay down his life to prevent it from being established in England? Who preferreth not the healthful running stream to the fœtid stagnant lake? Are we not already sufficiently enchained by dire fate, that arbitrary rule and superstition should step in and bind us with their soul-degrading, God-dishonouring fetters? We are not sheep, that are fatted to gorge the voracious appetites of fierce and selfish beasts of prey. No, England hath ever been reserved for a better

fate. Her tyrants have been rare; her dole-ful systems of government but temporary: thanks to the noble blood which circulates in her veins—thanks to glorious, death-des-pising chivalry—to iron suits, and barbed steeds, and desperate blows. Where, then, is the puling tool who cries gentle liberty? Yes, she is gentle when she reposeth; but like the lion, she is easily roused: beware then of her deadly fangs, reckless of all: beware then how you awaken her.

When I saw this noble army assembling; when I beheld the many valorous youths that served in it, many of the highest birth, whom the King's ill judging and excluding prejudices had driven to make common cause with the people at large; when I perceived the many veterans, grown grey under arms in Germany and in the Netherlands; when I beheld the steady countenances, and the well-knit limbs of our honest English yeomen, true to the cause, firm to their purpose, and obedient to command, I glorified God that I had been chosen to belong to such a band. As my heart was elated with being in such a

company, so were mine eyes feasted and delighted with the richness of their harness, the splendour of their arms, and the beauty of their horses, who, though docile to the rein, were in spirit as unsubdued as their riders. Every sensation that could touch the soul, interest the feelings, and delight the imagination, presented itself as a compensation for the many severe afflictions, and the positive ills, that were about to be inflicted upon our common country.

Were we to analyze our feelings, we should find no opportunity so fit for such a purpose as the assembling, the marshalling, and the marching of an army to its first battle at the outset of a war, and that a civil one. Were the mind not crushed by the vastness of the consideration, it would receive impressions which no time could efface. Anxiety, hope, and confidence here guide our steps. Under such circumstances we become more or less than men: for either we are shrivelled by fear, and all our selfishness leaves us; or we are sustained by a glow which is excited by our being placed in a mid-sphere

betwixt life and immortality. We see on every side the portals of a glorious death half open; and if the soul rises at all, she rises to a level with her position. How wonderfully and curiously are we adapted for every contingency of human life! from the luxurious couch of pleasure, to the rude and aching bed of honour. What energies are the properties of man! how godlike are many of his faculties: how glorious might often be his destinies! But he appears to imagine that his utmost prerogative is to doze through life; keeping his frame only in motion, and letting his spirit lie dormant. When indeed he awakens that Spirit she is roused up, as I have said of liberty, like a sleeping lion, who put his foot upon the neck of his disturber. Yes! but still we must submit to the hard hand of necessity. Like the sportive heifer we frisk and jump; but the jerk of our tether nearly breaks our neck.

The first battle of the civil war was under Edge Hill. May I be allowed to describe my sensations. I looked up and down the field. Firmness knit the brow of many a veteran—

a feverish anxiety sat on the visage of many a youth. The horses pawed, and were ready to the hand; and as if participating in the feelings of their riders, they required not to be driven to the charge. The few first cannon-shot dissipated this state of nervous suspence, and a thrill quivered every manly heart. That dark and hoar-frosty afternoon was in an instant lighted up and warmed by the rapid flash of the cannon, which formed a striking contrast with its tardy growling. The rattle of the musketry first assailed the ears like the distant thunder, and then made hardly more impression than the continual rolling of the drums. But as the most surprising sounds were the hissing of the balls; so the most animating were the shouts of the contending parties, who hurled defiance in each others teeth, with "God and the Cause!" and "God and the King!" When, however, I saw the furious charges of the horse, and felt the ground trembling under their sounding feet, so electrifying was the shock of the conflict, that the muscular vibrations of my own frame seemed to surpass the power of the animal that I be-

strode. Night, the mutual friend of well-balanced armies, parted the combatants, and both sides lay on the bloody field. The stoutness displayed by both parties gave a cruel presage of the future havoc of the social war. Upon the news of this battle, all throughout the country were alarmed, and even terrified, it being a strange thing in England.

Foiled in his attempt to destroy the army of the Parliament in the field, the King bethought himself of a stratagem to accomplish the subjugation of his people, though at the expense of his royal word; of his kingly faith; of his princely reputation. After the battle of Edge-Hill, the King retreated by Oxford, Henly, Reading, and from thence came to Colnbrook. The Parliament voted an address for peace, and asked leave to send their commissioners to him. This was granted, and he appointed his castle of Windsor as the place of negociation; and "desired," for these were his own words, "that the treaty might be *speeded*;" notwithstanding which, to the astonishment of all mankind, in defiance of old English integrity and good faith, he or-

dered Brentford to be attacked, where there was stationed part of the regiment of Colonel Hollis, who were very brave men, as appeared by the resistance that they made, though many of them were slain, and divers others driven into the river. But they stopped the King's army, notwithstanding the number that were upon them; and they defended themselves until the Lord Brook's and Hampden's two strong and noble regiments came to their relief, when they quitted the town, and the King took possession of it for that night only.

The City of London was in the greatest danger: but the conduct of her brave and patriotic citizens shone forth with a lustre not inferior to that of the citizens of Rome after the fatal day of Cannæ.

Thus the King was not only foiled but exposed, and all men began to entertain a well-founded prejudice against taking his word.* The faith-

* So great was the confidence in the King's word, that the General, the Earl of Essex, was in his place in the House of Lords discussing the terms of the treaty, when his advanced guard was so rudely attacked. The King laid the treachery upon Prince Rupert.

lessness of princes hath, in all ages, been the forerunner of their downfall: for, in rulers, downright tyranny is oftentimes more overlooked than faithlessness. It is, indeed, difficult to be loyal to him who is faithless to us; because all government hath its origin in contract; and as there is no divine right to govern, so there can be no moral obligation to obey, excepting the spirit of the contract be religiously observed on both sides. All the misery, all the ruin that people have lain under with regard to their governments, from the beginning of the world, spring from not rightly understanding this contract. No man can be master of another's body here on earth, excepting by contract: and no order of priests hath any power, excepting that which is given them by the law of the land, which, in other words, means the will of the people; for no priests have any authority from God to meddle with civil matters; their only calling being with reference to our moral duties. And here they must preach by sufferance or toleration only, because their doctrine must not contravene the direction intended to be

given by the laws of the land to the people; which, in other words, means that line of conduct that the people intend to pursue. This conduct ought to be always guided by those eternal principles of justice which are the result of every man's unbiassed judgment and reflection. Should, therefore, the Legislature perceive that any order of priests are, for their own benefit or advantage, teaching the people doctrines which contravene in any degree those eternal principles of justice which God hath implanted in our hearts as the rules of our conduct, and that they vainly set up the pretended will of God to enforce their system, not only are they amenable to the laws, but they should be checked and silenced: it being for the laws of a country to decide the form of prayer in which God is to be worshipped. Charles in fighting for the Bishops, was suspected of fighting for his own power only. Henry the Eighth, and Elizabeth, changed the form of religion; could it not be changed again? Thus stood the main point in the dispute.

Thus we get rid of an *imperium in imperio*; thus the government of civil law plays no longer at cross purposes with the government of divine law; thus the civil magistrate no longer enforces obedience to one authority, and the priest to another. The greatest blessing that can fall upon a nation is, when their destiny is to have the law divine contained within the law civil; for man's civil opinions are modified by his religious ones.

CHAP. XII.

I HAVE ever been of opinion that we all have our good and our evil geniuses; that they accompany us sometimes occasionally, and sometimes throughout our lives; that when attracted by the one, we shun the other, and so alternately. These sprites are not what the old schoolmen would term separated essences; but they are good and substantial flesh and blood. They may have tainted, and even infected our path through life; they have imbittered all our comforts, and gnawed with a serpent's tooth the core of our hearts: they have feasted and fattened upon the blood of those who might have been the nearest and dearest to us; and at last, tenacious of life, because they are a necessary scourge of Gods, they triumphantly have seen us drop into the

grave. Of our whole destiny this is the severest affliction. Is it to be wondered, then, that such a foul passion as revenge should enter into the human breast, excited by so foul a cause? It is easy to become a stoic, and laugh at ills that appear but for a moment; but when we look over our shoulder, and perpetually view there the horrid grin of our evil genius, even the stout heart of the glorious Brutus is appalled. Yes, we may toil, and sweat; and fast, and pray; and cower ourselves into a ball with caution, and then step tip-toe, and cast a slow and scrutinizing eye around,—what will it avail us? the foul sprite still hangs on; its breath is pestilence, and its grasp is death. Hence that dark suspicion of an enemy, that fretful misgiving of the mind, when we come athwart a detractor. What is this but an example of the doctrine of repulsion? We are, then, perpetually surrounded by a moral, as well as a natural atmosphere. And in this moral atmosphere dwells the imagination; which, however extravagant, hath always some ground for its support: It is the conductor to the heart of

love and hate, of joy and grief. Pure intelligence pierces through this atmosphere, and discovers hope soaring above it: for without hope, we are locked within the inextricable chains of despair; despair which reason cannot conquer, because despair annihilates hope, and hope is the offspring of pure reason. Despair, then, conquers us; and if our frame survives, it survives without reason; reason flies from it. Gracious dispensation of nature! Hence the final cause of madness; the tenement of reason is sometimes too weak to hold it when attacked by despair; it flies, and the tenement remains: tossed about by grotesque passion,—by sensations excited but not regulated,—the chariot without the charioteer,—the headstrong steeds without their reins. Why should we not, then, strive to explain the mysteries of nature?

Aye, I repeat, certainly we have our evil genius, and our good one also; for we cannot insulate ourselves. Were we able to do so, the meditations of the closet might have effect upon the directions of our lives; but, crossed

and buffeted at every turn by our demon, we often languish in hope, until our heart sickens. We review our past life over again—we let no part escape our investigation—we flatter ourselves that thus and thus might we have shaped it; and for the moment derive the same satisfaction from the ideal amelioration, that we should have done had it been real. What an illusion, then, is human life! how little worth preserving! How base and cowardly to cling to it! what folly to regret it! Have we always derived satisfaction from our parents? are we always to expect it from our children? Whom can we call our friends? and on whom are we to rely? The monarch feels himself only a splendid pageant; oftentimes he is more shackled than the peasant. The conqueror's laurels wither; his glory wanes in peace. The courtier's malignity is not a compensation for the patriot's thrill, when daily applause beams in his eye, and dances in his heart. The patriot, deafened with the reiterated cry, silently sighs after the courtier's power. Well, then, the further we see, the more acutely we feel; and the more deeply

we understand, the less reason have we to be attached to life—the more patient are we of hard necessity and inevitable fate, because we have the less vanity,—to gild our chain. Your vain fool's yoke is easy, and his burden is light: for in his self-love he finds a thousand compensations, and his dim, fluttering, and unsteady eye cannot reach the wise man's horizon, who views around him such horrid shapes, such unsightly scenes, as oft may drive him mad.

Well, then, caution avaunt! Let me plunge headlong into the stream of life, reckless of the consequences: since they must follow, follow what will.

Although I may appear to have a serious turn, from the foregoing passages, yet that was far from my disposition. I have ever had a great love and inclination for the pleasures of society, and indeed for all rapid transitions of feelings. No condition so terrible to me as a dull monotony. If I cannot be delighted by my good genius, let me struggle against my evil one; but deliver me, oh, ye Fates! from morbid monotony. Hence my love of popular govern-

ment; hence my admiration of the ancients, their actions, and their activity; hence a considerable share of scepticism; hence a reliance on the fates: whilst they are active, I am contented; when they appear to have forgotten me, I am wretched. Hence I picture to myself the blissful delights of a future life: to be in a continued and progressive state of knowledge, movement, and activity; to understand propositions the most abstruse, and at present the most inexplicable; to attain definitions the most just, and to command with one glance the whole connection of cause and effect. *Here* we crouch under the despotism of necessity—*there* we may soar on the wings of liberty—*here* we receive a considerable share of sensual gratification, but more intellectual pains than pleasures; and the proof is, that the one is limited, whilst the other is not. Therefore, we feel that we must be satisfied with the first, whereas disappointment always attends the limited enjoyment of what we conceive we have an unlimited capacity to enjoy. In this lies the distinction between the pleasures of

sense and the pleasures of intellect; the former being measured by a certain standard, which may be considered as nearly uniform; whereas the gratification of the latter often only brings more uneasiness, greater desire, and greater disappointment. We are humiliated by comparisons, in this case, which cannot apply in the other, because we can make no comparison between our own sensual faculties and those of others; but the reverse is the case; we make a similar comparison of our intellectual faculties. Therefore it is clear that this life is not the one of intellectual enjoyment, and possibly, upon the balance, of more intellectual mortification than enjoyment. This is again a wise dispensation of Providence, which we cannot alter for the better: because, were it otherwise, all would be leaders, and there would be no followers; for, let us educate the whole mass of mankind alike,—we may give play to more *pure intelligence*, but we cannot add one *jot* to it, we can only call it forth. Nature! Nature! how true thou art to the doctrine of just proportion. Pure In

telligence! thy divine lamp burns brighter but here and there, among the Sons of the Earth! let them whose lamp is dim, console themselves in sensitive pleasures. And these intellectual mortifications are increased from the influence of our evil genius: that is, of those particular persons who cross us in the path of life, and between us and whom there is that degree of attraction which is imperative. The whole of our fortunes may depend, then, upon a friend being substituted for an enemy, or *vice versâ!* But what intellectual mortification can be greater than to perceive, that those whom we took to be our good or guardian angels, should be the demons that sap our prosperity and destroy our fortunes? How much more happy is profound ignorance in this case! Thus, if we are social, that is, if we are liable to attractions, and disposed to affinities, which in their operation are delightful, because the intellectual movement of man communicates the highest pleasure, we often have cause to repent; and, possibly, in proportion to the joys will be the mortification. Then the more insulated that we are, the more we are delivered

over to be gnawed by the feverish tooth of envy. Thus, which way shall we fly—which way shall we turn ourselves? Positive sensual pleasures are not always to be obtained, or not to be enjoyed; intellectual ones are surrounded by briars and thorns, and are to be plucked from the summits of rocks, or the edges of precipices. Our children fill us with fear, and our parents with disappointment. Our own conscience is either occupied with hope or remorse. We sift, we analize, and we discover; and what do our discoveries amount to? An immense space between us and brutes, and an awful space between us and God! As our reason improves, our heart gets cold; as we increase in wisdom, we desire the happiness of fools; for wisdom chases self-complacency from our breasts, which causes us to fatigue ourselves in the pursuit of empty grandeur. Let us then become stoics; let us then, like them, stand centinel upon ourselves, unawed by superstitious terrors, the most dreadful of all; viewing the universe as one body, and God as its soul: clinging fast to the emblem of justice, which, if it hath not been disco-

vered already to the mortal eye, our daily experience shews us. But, alas! even Zeno himself, great doctor as he was in morals, cannot always administer the antidote; the morbid disease that corrodes our happiness is chronic—for, in truth, we are mortal. And what are the symptoms of that disease? We may wish, but we cannot obtain; we may desire, but we shall rest unsatisfied; on us shall seem to set a restless dissatisfaction, *independent* of the aspect of external circumstances, because we are unwittingly moved by the force of those circumstances. We go stumbling on through life, always *expecting the road to mend;* until we come to the brink of the grave, which is cut across it. We start back, and, possibly for the first time, come to the true use of our intelligence, and blow from before our eyes the mist of illusion; but, before we have time for thought, we tumble headlong into it!

Oh, that it may, then, be given to those who *spurn* and *despise* this life, to enjoy that which may follow. Peace, war, politics, ambition—what are they but so many toys?

When we feel that we carry with us that disease, of *necessity*, which death only can heal, and philosophy, in some slight degree, abate, let us strive to find some alleviation, in endeavouring to forget that it exists; let us wait with patience for a balance in our lives, when some compensation may be found. But if, on the contrary, successive disappointments press down upon our weary steps; if the triumph of enemies, the insolence of rivals, the mortification arising from successful tyranny, the madness of popular tumult, the loss of friends and of fortune, dry up our exhausted hearts; let us try one bold stroke, and crush them all by exclaiming, "the great and tremendous God hath accepted us, because we have been chastened." Such, indeed, is the true test of greatness of soul; such alone the qualities that should make us proud of our existence. To hold on with *tenacity* to this notion, is to set fortune at defiance, and to prove that calamities affect only a lower order of beings. When it shall please inscrutable Providence to sweep away the pestilent vapours of civil society, by

means of the hurricane of the passions; when we are shipwrecked by that frightful storm, that hurls kings from their thrones, and drives a people from their repose; buffeting them to and fro, in the most giddy eddies;—when, through the perversion of justice, and the adoption of sophistry, compacts cease to be compacts, and contracts no longer remain contracts; but society, broken up, floats drifting upon the angry waves,—on what rock shall we set our foot? On that which the stoics ever found in their own breasts. There our hopes cast anchor, notwithstanding that it is a rock, and the anchor holds. This is the true explication of faith—the faith in eternal and absolute decrees. "*Qui spernit Fortunam regit.*"

CHAP. XIII.

In following my destiny, there were moments, however, in which sensitive objects chased away painful speculations and melancholy reflections. As a social being, I was as subject to the laws of sympathy and antipathy, as inanimate bodies are to attraction and repulsion. These first two properties, though they are termed moral qualities, yet are as much subject to the laws of necessity as the second; and when we assert that chance procured us a happy or an unhappy marriage, we talk nonsense; that marriage depending entirely upon the degree of sympathy felt between the parties, and the motive which directed the will. Hence we find that nature in general assorts her matches tolerably well. There may always be some ex-

ceptions: but as love is no other than the warmest or highest degree of sympathy, the force of it must in some sort be on a level; and there must have been a previous affinity, to have created this sympathy, the passion of love being entirely of the sense, and not of the intellect. I know, however, that many have endeavoured to philosophize this passion into a pure intellectual one. This hath only been to clothe the passion of desire with a sort of garment of fancy and imagination, which hath not altered its character, but only wrapt it up, and rendered it more hidden. When we hear persons exclaim, "what a wise choice such an one has made of a wife," or, "what an unwise choice another hath made of his," this is only because they understand not the degree of sympathy that existed between the parties, and wherein that sympathy lies; and to blame them, or approve of them, for such marriages, is to blame or approve the original organic construction, form, and qualities of their respective persons:—these were the causes, the marriages were the effects. It is true that this spirit of

sympathy and antipathy is sometimes so strong, without an immediate outward cause, that we attribute it to some mysterious workings of a separate essence: whereas it is only that quality or condition of others, that is either sympathetic or antipathetic to our own nature. An exterior sense of these qualities gives us almost a supernatural power of discernment; and such a feeling having strongly prepared the mind, by a train of almost apparently unperceived causes, we conclude a presentiment, imagine an omen, and fancy an evil eye. We have a secret misgiving that such an one is our friend; such another our enemy. All this is true, but it is not miraculous. It springs from our forgetting the intermediate causes, or from our overlooking them. Hence a man of great penetration is no other than he who hath this feeling strongly, and who is cool enough himself to perceive at once its operation upon those that surround him. Though he perceives more quickly, yet originally this is neither owing to his own free agency, nor his power of discrimination, but is the result as well of his own peculiar

organization, as of that of others, and of this law of nature operating between them. How far presentiments, forebodings, and anticipations of events, may be classed under the heads of sympathy and antipathy, I will not venture to determine, because I have not made sufficient observation; and I am unwilling to advance any opinion which hath not been founded on experience, as it is from that source that we draw all our knowledge. This I know, that in my own case my mind hath been antipathetic of happiness towards myself, and consequently towards those who have been, as it were, within my influence. Thus I have ever discerned an enemy more quickly than a friend, and farther off. My mind hath oftener had misgivings of *evil* than of *good* fortunes; although my imagination hath constantly cherished hope, and hath tinged with a roseate hue the darkest events. But this arises from the buoyancy of my spirits. Thus we move totally independent of our wishes, and are as subject to attraction and repulsion as the planets. It is the cruel condition of

our nature to be ever drawn within the vortex of a whirlpool, and swallowed up in it; for what else is life and death, but the vortex and the centre of a whirlpool? We are launched on the edge, which is the calmest part, where the power of motion is less. As we are attracted towards the centre, the motion becomes accelerated, and at last we are engulphed. When we are not giddy by the rapidity of the motion, we see whither we are going, but cannot stop. In one of these giddy rounds, we stumble, as it were, upon marriage; and this incident often gives a new direction to our lives. It may diminish our energy and activity, but it often increaseth our happiness. In giving us children, it decreaseth our attachment to life; because we see our life prolonged in them; and we are not cut off at once from the world, and dashed out of it without the least trace of us, our fleeting memories alone being left behind. As a division of power in a state tends to neutralize or destroy despotism, so does the having children neutralize or destroy selfishness, which is the most horrid despotism

that a man can be under, and the parent of every vice. Consequently, that religion must be the best which insists upon the absence of all selfishness; and it may be a question, whether those religions which inculcate *extravagant* future rewards and punishments, do not encourage, in the highest degree, selfishness in their votaries. I think this fact cannot well be disputed. For my own part, my destiny hath been such as I would wish, with regard to the marriage that it pleased the fates to assort for me; and I have conceived it to be a compensation for many of the severe ills that I have felt.

I think it may be fairly said, that, in a happy marriage, a wife is our good genius; our destinies being then so interwoven, thatshe draws us into the sphere of her attraction. Yet there may be agreeable marriages, in which the husband may be the passionate lover, and their personal intercourse may be attended with warm affection and conjugal joys, such as prognosticate happiness,—and yet she may indeed prove an evil genius, and warp our prosperous fortunes. Such was the case of Henrietta

Maria, the wife of the King. She was his delight, and at the same time his evil genius: for her malign influence drew him into the vortex, that swallowed him up. A wife sometimes diminishes our riches, and yet filleth up the interstices of time between event and event, which break into the monotony of our existence. In this case, doth she not furnish a compensation? On the other hand, may she not bring us great wealth, and still cause time to roll more tardily on, from the misery of our being obliged continually to view and suffer the defects of her person or her mind? Particularly the latter, for to them we never can become reconciled. They are so many sharp points and salient angles, that no collision, no attrition will ever smooth, and with which our own sympathies can never coalesce. Well, then, *his* lot, whoever he may be, is not contemptible, who draws a good wife. It furnishes a mighty compensation. I use *good* in the larger sense; comprehending in it many excellencies and beauties as well of person, as of virtue. And the price is enhanced if she become his good genius, that is, if she

influenceth his destinies to good, from her direction having been a fortunate one. Thus, what a combination is required for happiness! Sympathy between the two persons, and sympathy in the direction of their lives. When we look into nature, and perceive the endless causes and combinations required to produce the slightest event, or the most insignificant being, we must confess the necessity of a master's hand. Democritus and Epicurus, with your concourse of *atoms*, how ridiculous ye appear! My wonder is excited, that amidst all this apparent disorder, this seeming confusion, this *mock* and *delusive* feeling of good and evil, that such harmony should exist, as to prevent things, and beings, and events from being jammed together, running into each other, and bringing us back to old chaos—a beautiful fiction of the poets.—Why should I, then, repine? Not only my destinies are inevitable, but they are good; and must, by deduction, be the best for me: because we must consider our original point of departure. It must, then, be an illusion, that the destinies of others are better than mine:—and so on

through the world: for those that are worse might not have been, and those that are, might have been worse. If I cannot understand infinity, I must be contented: because, to be discontented upon foundation, and with reason, we must have understood infinity, and have seized at once the whole view and combination of causes. We are apt to murmur because we have not the attributes of the Deity!

I say that I was contented with my lot in regard to marriage. Yet we are not acquainted with the recondite theory of sympathy and antipathy, which I suspect to have much more of nature in it than of moral qualities; for our affections *vary* with our state of health, and our state of health often with the degree of happiness that we feel. Sometimes our love is ardent, fiery, and replete with desire. Then our fortunes are prosperous, and we are encouraged by hope. At other times it is more sober, more tender, more silent, more modest, and more reserved. Then we lie under disappointments and sorrow; hope is more distant, and almost fades

in the horizon ;—for fear subdueth love, but courage revives it. To prove that there exists a peculiar sympathy or attraction between two persons, it is only necessary to observe how few men, or how few women agree, in the same notion of beauty ; and though we may be struck with the beauty, still if the sympathy do not exist, let her have all the excellencies that a poet could fancy, still we are not interested. This certainly proves that sympathies are excited by feelings of the sense, and not from moral abstract reflection, and that our love or hate is involuntary. Let us examine this a little closer, and remount to first principles. The universe *is one* substance : And why ? Because we cannot conceive a vacuity ; for what is not body is nothing ; and *nothing*, having no quality of space or duration, cannot exist. Therefore the universe is full ; it is one body, containing various substances, and of various gradations and weights. If it be full, it is connected ; therefore there exists a continuity through the universe, every part of it being contiguous. Thus every part must support or

influence the part adjoining; and as this support cannot stop, or be interrupted, the whole rests on the same foundation,—that is, *mutual* support and influence. All, therefore, that is in nature, must act by nature, and through nature, and consequently there can be nothing out of nature. The main spring of nature is motion, of which the great law is attraction and repulsion, sympathy and antipathy. These are inherent properties of substances; in fine, the agglutinative essences, that hold substances together, and not fanciful moral feelings or determinations.

What is the result? God thinks and determines; and we act. For nature is the mode only whereby God makes his Providence visible. Every benefit, then, is a mercy from God, and every evil too; for that evil may have caused us to avoid a greater one; nor do we know that such was not necessary for another dispensation. Therefore, strictly speaking, there is no such thing as *evil* in the world. There may be *inconveniences*, which our want of knowledge may induce us to call evils; but

if we seriously set down to use our intelligence, and to examine according to our reason, we shall discover that *positive evil* is a mere chimera.

But to return to the subject in hand. If such a natural sympathy exists, which is the involuntary cause of all marriages, why are any of them unhappy? To this it may be replied, that we do not know the duration of sympathies, whether they meet for one moment or how long they endure; nor are we acquainted in what parts, and what passions they must agree; or that nice point, where sympathy ends and antipathy begins. Every passion, every inclination of the human mind is on a line; and it is according to the scale on which you choose to set a mark, that the passion is virtue or vice. Prudence or avarice, generosity or prodigality, are only different scales on the same line. Utility (which is a quality we draw from experience) points out the particular scale. Love is a passion caught by the sight and the touch. The imagination is then inflamed, operating like the intoxicating fumes of the brain. It

gives this passion a fictitious and transitory colouring, and when these fumes have been dissipated, it is left just as naturalists have found it. So of other passions. Nature is ever true. When we daub her over, or colour her with our imagination, we do not disfigure her, but we deceive ourselves. Rub away the paint, and she remains a solid substance. But mankind like to be deceived, and hence an abundance of jugglers, in religion, in philosophy, and in every particular in which our intelligence is excited. Let them be deceived: they are the happier. He who sees more clearly, only shrugs up his shoulders and shakes his head.

Indeed it hath ever appeared to me a most incredible system, to cut the universe into two parts, and assign a moral governor for each, the one constantly counteracting the other; to conceive evil to exist as a separate abstract essence, with its chief or ruler. What is this, but to borrow schemes of demonology from the poets, and to make all their beautiful fables and allegories, in which there is so much instruction, articles of serious

belief?—to impugn nature, which hath annexed certain conditions to existence, such as disease and dissolution; and many passions, which we call sensual, because we are unacquainted with the whole range of the laws of sympathy and antipathy. If we thus cast ill reflections on the work, methinks we are not very courteous towards the architect. We overturn God's inscrutable decrees; we supersede or set aside his dispensations; we suppose free-will the imposture of cunning and superstitious priests, who vend God's good graces; and, as the climax of presumption, blasphemy, and corruption, we set up the kingdom of heaven for sale! We are drawn into existence from a state of non-existence, under any conditions; this is the *summum bonum;* for we know not how many modifications we may yet have to pass through; and, once in existence, may be a step to being alway in existence. And yet the best use we make of this existence is to insult the Creator, by presuming that he hath mixed up abstract evil with his works, and that there exists an author of ill, who with him holds

divided empire over the universe; whereas all we know ought to prove to us that there are certain inconveniences only annexed, as conditions to that existence, which we may have strength of mind enough to counteract, God giving us that strength of mind to protect our consciences from fear, sin, and folly. The more we know of Nature however, the more really religious we become; because we see in a greater degree how motion, and arrangement, and harmony may be brought about, by the simplest means, and how few are her great and fundamental laws. In striving to dissect her, even with our own scanty means, we obtain the highest advantages—the advantages that one who enjoys a good sight hath over one who is stone blind. It brings us more in affinity with her kindest operations—we repose with the same tranquillity in her lap that a child doth on its tender mother's; and when we die, we are hushed to sleep with the same care that she takes not to ruffle or discompose its temper. Nature is our kind mother; and, in truth, we are ungrateful and foolish children. We turn

from her, who alone can enlighten us, to walk in darkness, and to worship the extravagant creations of our besotted fears and imaginations, which we personify into mishapen forms. We swallow large doses of these nauseous draughts, which are gratuitously horrible: for, though delusive, they have no particles of sweetness in them. Thus are we governed by our fears, and thus is the divine and beautiful aspect of nature marred by them. Thus are we unhappy, because they have given us that cowardly and ignorant direction; thus are we often trampled upon and laughed at; thus our existence hangs upon a sophism or a conceit. We leave the real for the ideal qualities of things, and attempt to fly when we could walk upon sound ground. When others are fantastic, I grow moody and in dudgeon, and seek refuge in contemplating inscrutable Providence and its absolute decrees.

CHAP. XIV.

I HAVE only to set down the passages of my own life; and, had I patience and leisure, those circumstances that have come to my knowledge of the lives of my acquaintance to prove the truth of what I have just said. I have often amused myself with remarking, how many persons' good and ill fortunes have flowed from the most trifling event; and by what strange and intricate combinations things are brought about. Epictetus hath well said, "that common and vulgar people "ascribe all ill that they feel to others; peo- "ple of little wisdom ascribe it to them- "selves; people of much wisdom to no one." This saying is one of the most profound of that philosopher. He was neither surprised to see a pitcher broken nor a child die, be-

cause his experience had taught him that one was fragile and the other was mortal; nor was he able to ascertain why these two accidents occurred, because, himself being mortal, he could not remount to the source of causes; he could not follow backwards, through infinity the chain of those causes, nor embrace in his view all the other combinations connected with them: but he was clear-sighted enough to have discovered that there were no less causes, and no fewer combinations, to cause the woman's pitcher to be broken, whom he perceived weeping for that catastrophe, than there were to occasion the downfall of an empire—the introduction of a new sect of religion or philosophy—or the discovery of a great truth in geometry or mathematics, or their offspring, mechanics. The discovery and civilization of countries may, and indeed have been owing to just as trivial causes as those that led to the breaking of the pitcher. Contentment, then, is the most solid virtue, the soundest philosophy, the purest religion, and the most profound wisdom. The persuasion of this truth will

calm the troubled water of our conscience, which, wide and deep as the ocean, bewilders and astounds us. Look at man congregated into society—survey the earth, and you see an ant-hill only—examine your conscience, and you behold the mirror of a world. *It is but a mirror;* it hath no realities; replete only with flitting incorporeal phantoms, waking dreams, causeless joy, and gratuitous remorse. She breeds the giant phantom, hope, who, impatient of restraint, lifts up his towering head into the heavens; but checked by the slightest impediment, in a sensitive object of real existence, shrinks as rapidly into nought. To him succeeds, as in a magic-lantern, disappointment, that torturer of the soul, and despair, its conqueror; for the soul is ever mistress, until despair hath grappled with her.

Yes, I lived many years dazzling mine eyes with the magic-lantern of conscience. Fascinated was my reason; the turbulence of passion then tossed me to and fro; principles hastily taken up, dimly seen through; every external object magnified; consequently every

inward resolution fluctuating. My imagination told me then that I was free. My reason now proves to me that I am the slave of inscrutable fate. In those gay days every object wore a roseate hue. I met for the first time my good genius. Her mild influence has softened my rugged fortunes. Aiming at too much, I have been punished for my presumption; and hope, the offspring of my brain, from a giant hath dwindled into a pigmy.

But let me discard regret, and dissipate my gloom.

About the time that the treaty of Uxbridge was entered upon—hollow as the winds—insincere as the King's heart—it gave us only time to prepare for harder blows.

I passed this winter in pleasure, business and recreation filling up my hours. A multitude of objects dawned before my eyes; some penetrated into my breast. Expectation gave wings to all my thoughts and made them outvie themselves in swiftness. The warlike trumpet, sounding to arms, hushed the melodious notes of the birds singing their vernal loves. The perplexed ploughman knew not

for whom he wearily hung upon his labour. His sober steeds, scenting the war, and roused by the skirmish on the plain, plunged and flung on their gear, and fancied the sylvan chase was prolonged into spring. The young maid, quickened by an anxious tenderness, was alternately moved by tears of joy or alarm. Her desolate abode in the open country, or her more certain danger in the walled cities, brought her lover home both by day and night to her panting heart and her clasped arms, though he was faithful to his public duty far away, and possibly in the midst of riot and revelry, faithless to her; but only so for a moment. His heart, hardened against personal danger, was awakened often by the feeling of her disconsolate state and surrounding perils. The more careworn wife, impatient of ideal alarms, turned with contempt from the maid's sorrow; nestling round her little brood, and pondering on their future fortunes. The aged matron, cold from years, and colder from hard fortunes, thought as she was nearer the grave, that she was nearer to God; and her prayers were accord-

ing to her direction, either for God and the Cause, or God and the King.

Patriotism and chivalry clashed, like thunder clouds, whose dark hue first overcast the welkin, and gave awful warning of their bursting—big with combustion; the one party crying, "'Tis for justice we strike!" the other, "For honour we!" Oh, what a noble twofold flame was here lighted up! Oh, what a sacrifice of gentle blood ere these flames could be slacked! In the fierce collision, what flashes were struck from their flinty hearts! But young Liberty is rocked by strife. Her cradle is tossed upon the billows of war.

I had again to prepare for arms. My fortunes again took a new direction. A circumstance that at first sight appears but trivial, might and did influence them for the remainder of my existence. The simple circumstance was no other than that my regiment had been quartered during the winter at Kingston-on-Thames. Well, and a much more trivial circumstance hath changed the fate of generations and of nations, and the

tracing it brings us into a sober and rational view of human life. In ordering the different regiments to their various destinations, probably no other reason was assigned than this. Those that were quartered on the side of London, on which were formed the several armies, were to join those armies. Therefore, if the same regiment had lain at St. Alban's, they would probably have formed part of the army in the north. Here a new direction would have been given to my destinies: an entire new combination would have arisen in all that concerned me. Here I might have met death; or another combination might have given me an ascendancy: that ascendancy might have influenced others—and so on to the whole country; then I might have become a great leader. So that a clerk mechanically arranging various troops to various destinations, holds in his hands the life and death of individuals, and may be the cause of great *victories* or *defeats*, of fortune or disgrace, falling upon individuals. And yet we foolishly exclaim, "a man is the maker of his own fortunes;" we might as well say that

we are the makers of ourselves, or of the world. Thus the whole constitution of nature, the actions of men, all the events which spring from these actions, are the result of the crossings, clashings, and combination of these causes, and are of necessity, and could not possibly have been otherwise. Therefore my appointment to the army of Sir William Waller in the west, and every thing that afterwards befel me, was only in the course of this new destination, in which I moved, until a more powerful influence gave me another direction. And what is the history of our passions, but the properties and the mode of our particular nature clashing with external circumstances, and falling in with various combinations? By one of these combinations we may at one moment acquire and display heroic courage, at another sink into abject cowardice; by another combination our good genius may clash with the evil genius of another; on him we may make our fortune; we become lord of the ascendant. Then, again, by a curious train of unforeseen events, we may be carried away for years in a direction full

of disappointment and misery. Who shall be so presumptuous as to assume glory to himself? Who shall be so mean as to attach blame to himself? Who shall be so foolish as to be vain? or so weak as to feel remorse? He who hath not philosophy and patience enough to trace cause and effect. No: let him rather be crushed and annihilated with the idea of the omnipresence of that awful Being, the disposer of all things over the vast expanse of infinitude. Hence we conclude the plenitude of the universe, and the continuity of substance; hence let us always look forwards with anxious hope, and never backwards with unavailing sorrow. An eternity cannot purchase yesterday—it is swallowed up in the voracious jaws of endless time. With humility be it spoken, the Almighty cannot restore what is past; he may compensate for the future. What is past is set in endless night, to live only in our fleeting recollections, to glimmer in our decaying and treacherous memories, that varnish past scenes with such illusive art, that we hang even upon our past follies with delight. And

why so? Ah! who can resolve such a question! Reason avaunt! for when you desire to dive into the bottom of things, you are bewildered in inextricable labyrinths! Stop—stop, I pray thee; you are more sage when you gaze only on humanity.

CHAP. XV.

SIR William Waller overran the Western Counties with great rapidity. He beat the King's forces at Lansdown. On this occasion I was fortunate, and drew upon myself the notice of the army, and the approbation of the General. My heart was elated, and a succession of new and varied objects kept it in a continual glow. I was in my own neighbourhood; I visited my house. I felt a secret joy, which the monotony of constant residence wears away. I felt a soft affliction mingled with a tender pleasure, at the recollection of those whom I had lost, and whose society and affection I had there enjoyed. Their countenances seemed to appear to me again in those spots in which we had been wont to solace ourselves together. In these

moments of recollection, how bitterly we feel how much we have neglected moments of reality; how impatiently we seem then to have enjoyed the presence of our friends; how rapidly social hours seem to have been slurred over; when the awful conviction stuns us—they are no more—we are not certain of meeting them again—a world, an existence separates us; the fleeting moments of their lives have passed like a shadow, and leave but a shadow in our memories. On whom shall we fix our affections? The more strongly they are rivetted to kindred breasts, the more painful will be the lacerating tug that will separate them. If we are united in our lives, still we are separated in our deaths. This thought cowers me with a chill so penetrating, that it nearly drives out every spark of friendship from my breast. This chastisement is to punish us for the slovenliness of friendship; for dozing through our lives, until we are scourged by the rod of affliction. Yes, then we smart, and stare, and are bewildered; we limp about, and avoid the common herd: like the stricken deer, who at evening comes

to quench his thirst in the lake Ontario, or on far Missouri—the Indian in ambush lets fly the rapid, unperceived shaft; the poor deer at first staggers, and then mourns his doom. But the severity of separate deaths, of lacerated friendships and mangled affections, of desolate orphans and widowed solitude, must be compensated in immortality; real and substantial, not in that incorporeal recollection which we have of the departed—a recollection which overspreads us with melancholy. Ah, but what sort of immortality? That state, like the notion of the Supreme Being, we may conclude, but cannot attempt to define; nor can we assert the immortality of Plato to form part of the general intelligence of the universe. That notion, like all the same philosopher's conceits, is cold, confused, and uninteresting. That of the Heathens and the Christians bear so close an affinity, that we can hardly distinguish between them. Thus it is when men have loosed the reins of their imaginations, and wait not for the movement of their change, when their essence may cling to another substance.

Immortality, then, is a conclusion; it speaketh not to our sensations, but to its kindred spirit, contained within our inward soul, the loftiest reach of our noblest thought, the essence of our pure intelligence, the inspiration of *Hope!!!*

I prolonged my stay until evening. How powerful are our sensations when excited by gloomy surrounding objects—by sorrowful recollections. The tolling of the evening bell—the church-yard path; the sadness of darkened woods, associated with the memories of those whom we have lost, have terrors far beyond the most bloody field of battle. Here we meet death face to face, and grapple with him in all the ardour of our souls; we die in noble fellowship—we strive for everlasting virtue; the trumpet sounds our knell, and the joyous shout approves our sacrifice. But in peace, death steals slily upon us, and with a malignant grin he seems to rejoice in our cowering, plaintive postures. Even the terrors of the nursery overpower our resolution. He must be a philosopher who will die, then, the death of a hero. Moody and unsocial I

returned to my quarters. A more pleasing object lay a few miles distant; it was her whom I since found to be my good genius. I know nothing more insipid than a long personal description. What may please us may not please others; what interests us may not interest others. We have sympathy, as I before observed, with one kind of beauty; yet another, who values himself equally on his taste, may have an antipathy. So some have a sympathy with the art of painting; another with music. And this arises from the configuration of our visual or auricular organs, and some latent peculiarity of our nervous system. I utterly discard the opinion of those philosophers, who give us their conceits for the fundamentals of things; those mysteriarchs, who see abstracted essences every where—who give into ideal excellencies. There can be no abstracted excellence of sensitive objects, or of substantial forms; their excellencies must be either positive,—that is, fitted to certain purposes—or relative. And if the latter, then if we praise the object, we by implication praise

ourselves. Therefore, as I am a true believer in the doctrine of affinities and sympathies, I let the matter rest so; for how, else, would Nature work, unless specially, and upon grounds? that is, upon some sort of substance. Therefore love is not that spontaneous will or desire of the soul, controllable, and in itself incorporeal, such as the definition of a triangle,—but a necessary law of nature, established upon sensitive causation. If there existed such a property as the human will, as spontaneity independent of antecedent motives, which binds it fast, then all our determinations would be as wild as forked lightning. Our determinations may be as rapid and as forcible as lightning, but they have all conductors, and these conductors lead to definite objects. Yes, this is the property of finite beings. It is so, you heroes and heroines, who fancy that you figure in the ideal world! Thus, whether we are grave, gay, moody or ascetic, these are only the keys of our frame; they are keys on which our passions turn.

My own house lay in the rear of our army;

the house of the lady in question was in front. This little difference, at first overlooked by me, who then was in the habit of pursuing but one straight-forward train of ideas, caused me much pain, and even gave a new direction to my future fortunes. I determined to visit her. Why did I make this rash determination? Hurtful to her reputation, and possibly ruinous to mine, my sober judgment should have decided otherwise. But is not judgment rather the colouring of a determination, than a determination itself, really and essentially? Why, then, did I not make another determination? Because I was not ten years older; bceause I had been praised for my conduct at Lansdown; because I was filled with melancholy reflections in visiting my own house; because I had an affinity to the lady Annabel; because she was sympathetic to me; because a multitude of motives propelled my will—Yes, propelled my will; for our will is propelled by overbearing motives. Can we resist? Can the frail bark resist the tempest? Can her sails always enable her to claw off a

lee shore? *They fly into ribbons*, and head-long she goes upon the rocks.

Therefore, on the 9th of July 1643, this overwhelming crowd of motives vanquished and chased out of my mind all considerate reflection; and, at ten of the clock at night, I called for my swiftest horse. The village where I was, was surrounded for half a mile by deep lanes, high trees, dark orchards, and small inclosures. Beyond was an extensive common field, which formed an open plain. The enemy's patroles were prowling over it in all directions. On the other side, eight miles distant, within the King's line of post, was the lure, which like a falcon I intended to pounce down upon. Our centinels stood all round the enclosures looking on the plain. I arrived unobserved at the last field, when I was challenged. I made no answer; but, fixing my horse's head straight forwards, and giving him both spurs, he with one brave bound cleared the fence, and sprang with elastic vigour across the plain. Two or three pistol shots were fired at me.

I was searched for, and reported to have deserted. In half an hour my panting courser stood streaming at the iron gate of the lady's mansion. The old porter, as soon as he perceived my orange scarf (the Parliament colour), refused to admit me. We parleyed. He threatened if I did not withdraw to call some of the cavaliers from the village. I drew my sword, and seizing him by one hand through the rails, I was about to commit a horrible crime. I stood in a woeful state of desperation: that state in which reason is palsied, and our worst passions ride as triumphantly, and in which their wretched victim is tossed about by their storm: for such only can be the solution of our committing crimes. At this critical moment the point of my sword had penetrated his doublet, was just puncturing the skin, and would in an instant have let out the feeble remains of an hard-earned life. My good genius, in that form which I should best like her to assume, interposed. The malignity of my evil genius was abated; and I was rescued from disgrace. The Fates had directed my arm only to enhance the

value of the ransom; and I won Annabel for ever, by an attempt which ought to have filled her with horror. But that act was one of devotion to herself, and she was a *woman*, and was conquered by it.

In these feverish times, she, like a careful nurse, was vigilantly alive to every breeze that whispered through the grove at night. But they were not those aromatic breezes that delight lovers in the delicious nights of Andalusia or Italy; but the dank and tainted gale from the unburied field of Lansdown. The groans of the wounded who had crowded under every shed round the mansion, were vibrating on her ears. Pallid, distorted visages, and wounded limbs, quivered before her eyes. Wild, horror-struck, widowed mothers had for days yelled around her. These were surrounded by scared and famished children, some of whom were scorched by the fire that had consumed their dwellings. Terror, despair and revenge were imprinted on their savage and yet piteous aspects. I gained my quarters before daybreak. I was placed in arrest, and ordered

to be tried by a court-martial for having been within the enemy's lines; and I had the shame to go through of explaining the whole affair, which the General forgave as a juvenile frolic. But I lost in some degree his confidence.

On the 12th of July the trumpet sounded to horse. We hurried like dogs out of a kennel, to rouse our game. As a young hound, who for disobedience hath been subjected to the lash, sullen and downcast, his smarting sides cowering his spirit, trots along, unmindful of the frolic and brisk circling of his comrades; on a sudden the fox breaks cover in his view:—here upon his natural enemy he vents his spleen, yelling with a shrill and savage tongue, and then, stooping to the scent, skims, foremast of the pack, along the plain. So I, lately disheartened, checked and reproved, now at the sight of the enemy felt every nerve braced and every sinew tightened. Reaching the last of their troops, we entered the Devizes with a crash filling the air with a furious war-whoop. Many a buff coat was pierced;

many a helmet gave proof of its temper, and flashed fire from the blows of swords, without yielding. Many a whisker was singed from the priming of pistols fired in the very teeth. On the following day was fought the battle of Roundway Down—and here finished my military career. Every one knows the result of this battle; every one knows it was the overweening confidence of Sir William Waller that caused its loss. Had my mind not been in a state of irritation, I should have escaped unhurt with many others—in fact, I was clear of all danger; but my anxiety to recover the confidence of the General made me attempt things impracticable, and I was wounded and taken prisoner from a sort of self sacrifice. This is quite certain, and it is not necessary to enter into a tedious detail. How events, then, are linked together! How provoking it is, on reflection, to feel the difficulties we have fallen into, and which might have been avoided by the slightest turn. Yes—but who is to tell us what turn to make? We always fancy that we decide for the best, when in reality we do not decide at all, but are knocked

about like billiard balls. Oh, Fortune! Fortune! how have you played with me! Shew me, I pray, some favour at last. Let my bark float again on your full tide. I care not how tempestuous it is, provided that the gale is prosperous. In deference to you, I will renounce in my vocabulary the mysterious and unintelligible term of *wise*, to substitute the juster one of *fortunate*. Oh, Goddess of Fortune! goddess of my idolatry! Oh, Hope, thou Aurora of Fortune! that openest the bright morning of expectation, that bears us far into another existence, that emancipates us from the manacles that tie us down in our real existence, too horrid to be borne but for the soothing balm with which thou now and then healest our chastened souls! The proud Roman bowed to thee, O Bona Dea! The sour ascetic, to propitiate thee, mortifies in the narrow cell his wasting frame. Thee all men worship, from the simple and sable Indian to the lofty philosopher.

CHAP. XVI.

To be *fortunate* is that direction of our lives which, in the opinion of ourselves and of others, hath conferred eminent happiness, arising from success. To propitiate this Goddess may be in our power—to command her, not. I know not whether that quality of the mind which we term Imagination be not the secret conductor or channel, whereby we come to a knowledge and an affinity to her. Why is imagination, in the common acceptation of the word, trifled with, and even contemned, because it is thought by some to be incorporeal or immaterial? And yet, on what grounds are we to make such an assumption, since its effects are decidedly sensitive? Why we should positively conclude imagination to be any more incorporeal than the infection of the

plague, I know not; since nothing can be more infectious than in some cases the imagination. It is the spur to our passions, and the delineations of our passions constitute the history of the world. The doctrine of influences is dark and hidden, and this is the key to fortune; the channel of influences is through the imagination. I use imagination in the large sense, thereby defining it to be, the image which the operation of our sensations leaves upon the mind, which hath then a retro-action influencing those sensations, by which means many of them are thwarted, or impeded, or quickened in their action. If I may use a figurative expression, it is the concrescence of the images drawn or excited by our sensations, and left upon the mind; it is the immediate channel of happiness or unhappiness, pleasure or pain, because this concrescence of images elevateth or increaseth both pleasure and pain. Probably we are conscious of its effects through the nervous system. Therefore I cannot admit it to be incorporeal. Indeed our bodily powers in many cases are coexisting quantities with the force of imagi-

nation. I utterly reject the faculty of *choice* in mankind, considering it to be a *capital error*. What we take to be choice, is a certain sympathy or attraction conveyed through the medium of the imagination; but intelligence is indiscerptible; and imagination, a main foundation of intelligence, appeareth to spring from a concretion of sensations. Of abstract intelligence we know nothing but its existence; nor can we define, or explain or analyze it, or understand its connection. It is in our minds the *type* of the Deity, who is concluded though not understood. So it is with abstract intelligence, which striketh me as the sum, essence, stamina, and final cause of our being. Here philosophers stop, having neither road nor means of proceeding further. Hence they come at three conclusions—*God*, *intelligence*, and *immortality*. But with subordinate parts of intelligence, or rather the substrata of intelligence, such as imagination, they can by a careful analysis discover its foundations and operations; and probably the imagination in animate beings is analogous to the operation of the loadstone—the flux and

reflux of the sea—the power of gravity and attraction. For we observe in animate nature two principles that seem to guide us—the avoidance of pain, and the pursuit of pleasure. If, therefore, that proposition be true, that there be no vacuum in the universe, the imagination rests upon more solid grounds than hath been allowed to it. Having but the imperfect guide of our experience, we are often at a loss to discover the different degrees of imagination—what is a mere phantasm, and what a real influence. And when it is said in Scripture, that faith will remove mountains, it means, that the imagination being the spur to the passions, which are the motives to exertion, human exertions may be excited that seem incredible, because not within our experience:—for that is generally conceived to be incredible of which we have not had the experience. It is a matter, therefore, of reflection to ascertain how far our imagination hath a sensitive influence upon others, so as to work to our own good; and whether it be not as atmospherical as the infection arising from disease.

It is a fact ascertained, that surgical operations performed upon the field of battle are attended with less pain to the patient, and with a greater certainty of recovery, than those performed an hour or a day afterwards, and removed from the surrounding scene of action. I have also heard that a man slightly wounded in a duel will fall instantly; whereas, in a battle, he will run on, heedless of a graver hurt. Here, then, is an exemplification. This discrepancy would not be observable in a moral subject. The solution of a geometrical or mathematical proposition is not influenced by surrounding scenes, but here we evidently discover atmospherical influence upon the imagination. The cases that might be cited are innumerable. Suppose a man in a gloomy mood to take a night's lodging in a lone house, with small attendance; suppose the apartments, the pressure of surrounding and external scenes, to convey gloomy images to his mind. He retires to bed; but if his nervous organs are not obtuse, whatever may be the strength of his reasoning faculties, he rests ill; the morning

sunbeams strike upon his countenance,—his imagination becomes in an instant changed, and he passes from melancholy to joy. In the former case, all the most unpleasant and untoward accidents of his life would have rushed upon his mind. In the morning they are dissipated. Surely sunbeams are material, for the universe is in a state of continuous corporeity. Imagination, then, is that faculty which arouses the passions by the impression of exterior objects; it is influenced by these objects, and consequently it is in affinity with them; it is contagious; its fear or courage flies from imagination to imagination; the same in love, hate, joy, or grief: hence I conclude it to be a most subtile atmosphere. But, it will be objected to me, What mean you by atmosphere? I answer, is there not an atmosphere of sound? Sound strikes all around from whence it issues to a certain distance. A river, for example, conveys it further in one direction than another.—Sound is not immaterial; but the atmosphere of the imagination springs from sound, sight, smell, touch—the opera-

tion of all the senses. I conclude such to exist, because I conclude communication by the means of continuous substrata, and because I deny spontaneity. Thence all things must flow, one from another, and to flow they must touch, as the drops of water do in a river. Therefore, when I feel and experience the power of imagination, I conclude it to be atmospheric, having a sensitive influence to a certain distance. This hypothesis would naturally account for the imagined appearance of many supposed phenomena. Imagination is of an indiscerptible quality, springing from discerptible organs ;—so is sound —so is the infection from the plague, or other epidemic. Hence we may conclude that our conscience is only the view which we take of the *invisible march of circumstances*, whilst that march is the result of the active principle of motion attached to the operation of all the faculties of nature :—the direction of which is in the hands of the Almighty—for we cannot account for it. Thus the universe exhibits a vast but curious piece of mechanism, which plays and revolves *ad infinitum*.

The relation of certain motions and actions of human life constitutes morals. These simple actions or motions in themselves arise out of their constitution, and the constitution of things. But when they have referred to others, or had a relation to the movements and actions of others, so as to forward them or impede them, then we conceive a moral quality is attached to them. And man, having a consciousness of what is to his detriment or advantage, hath also the consciousness of those actions or motions which aid or impede his pursuit. The action or motion, then, is natural, resulting from the construction of parts depending upon each other in the vast and complicated fabric; and the understanding of these laws of action, and the view of them, constitute their moral quality. It appears, then, to me that imagination is the most subtile spring, or secret and powerful mover of the actions of men. Its influence, then, must be according to its force. We put an acorn into the ground—in an hundred or two years it becomes an enormous tree; we are not surprised at this, because our

daily experience discovers it to us: but we know not how this is brought about; further than that the young plant is nourished by some kinds of soil more than by others; conceiving the roots to be the channels through which this nourishment is conveyed. Now, the means whereby the imagination of one man works upon another, or upon many, is much more hidden; or his imagination upon himself, so that he shall not cry out even with pain, when he is burning at the stake as a martyr; that for amusement he shall often risk his life, and cause others to risk theirs in imitation; that he shall sometimes, through a depravity of imagination, contemplate crimes and cruelties as pleasures; and that the mere force of imagination shall cause the greatest change in his person, health, and intellect—why, therefore, this should not be as atmospheric as the maladies of some countries, I know not. And if we admit such a proposition, it would give us a key to all sympathies, affinities and attractions—and to the congruity and incongruity of things,

which are the profoundest depths of human knowledge.

The most visible operation of the imagination is that of its being able to overpower another by its presence. I have seen such examples of this, as have convinced me that it hath a direct atmospheric influence upon another's imagination: which hath been influenced thereby to good or bad fortune, its presence affording an example of more force than eloquence of reasoning. Now these last are the tools which the imagination employs in some cases: but oftentimes the presence or recollection awes more. Thus, if we are persuaded that such an one will like or dislike us, we expand or shrink accordingly. An unfortunate person is he who hath come into contact with more persons antipathetic to him than sympathetic, and where imaginations have worked in a malignant mood towards him; and when we find that these persons are our near relations, or our connexions, the influence is greater, and more destructive of our happiness: harmony being that law which

binds all, and the closer the ties of consanguinity, the stronger should be the harmony to propitiate fortune. We say we like or dislike such a person, for they have such or such qualities: that is, the love or hatred is in proportion to the harmony which subsists between the parties; and the harmony depends upon the degree of sympathy or antipathy they possess for each other, founded entirely upon their respective configurations, their nervous sys tems, and their inclinations, acting on each other through the medium of the imagination: so that our *love* or *hate* is as much out of our power, and as little *voluntary*, as our catching any other *infection*. Some men are of such a texture, that they are accessible more to the one affection than to the other; *but every moral affection may be traced to a physical and necessary cause.* So of the characteristics of nations, (for a nation is only a larger family) the system of influences having been balanced among the individuals that compose it, give them the same aspect.

The imagination, then, is the channel of influences, and influences are the keys of for-

tune. I apprehend, then, that we have been in an error with regard to reasoning, when we have concluded it to be out of ourselves. I speak *technically*, and not naturally: for *naturally* speaking the imagination *I hold out of ourselves*, which *means philosophically within ourselves*. I rather conceive it to be entirely within ourselves, and it evinces the character of our organs. The power of imagination is very secret, and hath never been much searched into. We know it to have caused sudden death, idiotcy, madness. All these contingencies prove it to be not immaterial or incorporeal. And if so, there must be a substratum for its communication; for matter acts on matter. Now, our desire of success in any point proves a sort of affinity to that point, which, to speak plainly, has been originally in our nature; and, in this case, our desire would seem to be, not the cause but the effect. Great desires, therefore, are not without some foundation: if they were, it would manifest a discordance in that particular; and harmony is one of the most general laws of nature, and seldom errs. Hence

one imagination works upon another; and our desires, both particular and general, are the indications of affinities to particular objects. This hath nothing to do with the question of life or death, as to our immortality; for according to our notion of death it is only the dissolution of the outward visible phenomenon of our frame; and we term that substance indestructible that is indivisible; therefore beyond our senses we cannot ascertain things; we conclude or guess at other and higher existences. But what I contend for here is, that things are sensitive in the sensitive world. The desire of fortune is the propitiation of fortune, which falls on us by a combination of a thousand accidents, all chained together.

There may it is true be some men, endowed with a peculiar faculty of looking into these combinations, just as birds foresee the weather. But though the man perceives his own fortunes, he is no more the artificer of them, than the bird foreseeing the rain is the cause of that rain falling. Indications of ill fortune come more frequently and

forcibly than of good; the malignancy of this atmosphere is stronger and more acute: it exalts the bile, and corrodes our nerves, and jars their vibrations. I have no doubt but that the day will arrive in which mankind will, by patience of thought, have traced up every accident, through physical or natural causes, to the great first cause; that this shall not be an assertion only, a proposition in the air, but an admitted fact from experience. I maintain, that this is the most moral doctrine, as I have often witnessed it; for it teaches contentment and resignation to the will of God, and it banishes what hath been considered as abstract ill from the world, and it puts us in harmony with the other works of nature. Nothing leads more to disappointments than *false* doctrines, because they are all in discordance with our experience and nature. Such are all those idle notions of things founded in the Peripatetic School, and continued by the schoolmen—whose object seems to have been to disfigure and rail at God's creation.

Such systems of morals do not search into

the depths of the human heart. Their exhortations are too mild for effect. If, then, we would improve our own fortunes, or those of our children or of our nation, we must first get hold of the key of the human heart, and understand well how to unlock that wonderful box, which, like that of Pandora, hath let loose all ills on the world, thus working with physical rather than with moral tools. Hence the distinction between lawgivers and philosophers. The philosopher is good to guide the lawgiver; but he is feeble towards the people, who require the strong coercion of law to make them observe the rule of right. Thus Solon and Lycurgus, and those who understood these things, took care that practice should be precept. The secret road to the human mind is through the human body. The more robust the plant, the more robust the virtue: and this proposition is, I think, exemplified in many examples. Habit, therefore, is the parent of virtue. Hence I should rather be inclined to put faith in the virtue of a hunter, or an agriculturist, than of a musician, or a painter. I like the musician least, be-

cause, being continually grating his nerves, causing them to vibrate in extatic thrills, and not recruiting the animal spirits by healthful exercise, or calming the passions and raising the soul by lofty speculations, his mind hath a tendency to harp upon the worst and sometimes the most depraved passions of our nature, and he consequently requires extraordinary excitations. Music is a great aid to superstition; for sound hath less of solidity in it when abstracted from sense, and turning only on harmony, which I think is a just definition of music. Musicians are seldom fortunate, I mean in the larger acceptation of the word. Painting harasses the nerves, and exhausts the spirits, without an adequate sensitive return; but not equally so with music. Here there is more call for the imagination, and it evinces much the power of the imagination. I cannot conceive an astronomer to be a vicious man. Mathematics, geometry, elevate the mind of man to the loftiest speculations. His sensual habits must be merely the result of the force of blood and temperament, and not the cravings

of inordinate, irritable desire. I admire the habits of a physician. He sees the weakness of our nature; he is generally just and conscientious, though somewhat selfish, from the contempt which his profession must give him of mankind. His mind is rather accurate than exalted. Thus we could go through all professions, through all countries, climes and eras, and account for every vice and every virtue. I have put others on the scent—let them follow the chace; let them hunt down the game, and then they will have learnt many things that they never thought of before; they will learn why men act as they do. I am persuaded, indeed, that long and well-founded desires upon certain objects, in the end come to pass. Thus desire is a spur continually goading us; and is it not rational to suppose that as there is nothing useless in nature, it is our want of knowledge that prevents us from knowing the utilities of troublesome insects, or poisonous plants? Therefore that great desire should not be deemed by the Creator useless; and it would be useless if the object desired was not

sometimes accomplished. I do not here mean every fleeting transitory fancy, every frivolous wish—but those things to which our hearts point, as the needle doth to the polar star: in fact, our cardinal appetite. Great passions are the spur to great talents: that is, our desire for a certain object throws us into the direction of obtaining it. All the operations of Nature in us are carried on by desire: but our desires are various, some stronger in one particular than another. We cannot at once discover this discrepancy, and why it should be the case; there must, then, be a latent affinity between the object desired and the person desiring it. Thus affinity is constituted by multifarious combinations of accidents. It is true that fortune loves to play, nay to trifle, and sometimes even teaze us: this is often because we have not dealt respectfully with her—for she is well represented under the form of a *woman*, who cannot be *too much pressed* for her favours, and who often resents backwardness in her suitors. Thus we are thrown upon ourselves, and languish in anticipation, and repine at the past. This evi-

dently proves that the desire at the time was not commensurate with the object desired. So far, therefore, desire is power—we may desire, and yet be powerless as to the execution; but power is of little service unless we have a previous desire. We know in sensitive objects, if we have a desire, and also power to accomplish it, it gives pleasure, or creates happiness, according to its durability: for happiness is the continuation of pleasure; this every one knows, because every one feels it. But the dark question to be resolved is this: will desires be accomplished, if ever so strong, where there does not appear an immediate, active, sensible power to enforce them? Will this be accomplished by a hidden, secret train of combinations and affinities, unknown to ourselves, because unperceivable by ourselves? and is this strong desire, the indication of its object being accomplished? This desire, which dwells in the imagination, is it, or is it not the forerunner, the sign of its accomplishment? If it be not, I repeat, of what use would be desire, or its seat, the imagination?

Man hath no need of miracles and mysteries to teach him God. The ways of nature are curious enough to satisfy any mystic mind, though founded on a few fundamental laws, if we have patience to strive to unravel them. Great desire, therefore, often ends in fortune; if not, we know not, nor do we presently discover where the discordance hath lain; nor have we diligently travelled through all the second causes. The ancients appear to me to have opened their eyes more than we have done upon these matters. They seem, in their laws and institutes, to have propitiated fortune. They seem to have well understood cause and effect—*whereas our schemes are in continual contradiction.* We expect courage, and teach cowardice—we look for disinterestedness, and teach the vilest selfishness—we expect men to be rational, and we fill them with extravagant and mystical fables; we inculcate humanity, and our final causes are replete with horrid barbarities. When a few enlightened philosophers, benefactors of the human race, strive to better the fortunes of mankind, they are always

decried and calumniated. I do not say that our march hath been in the inverse ratio to civilization; but that we have impeded virtue, and disfigured it with many contradictions, which in themselves have been the cause of positive evil: so that what we have gained on the one hand we have lost on the other. And this hath in a great measure arisen from man's want of patience in tracing second causes, or from a false view being given of them *from authority*, thereby producing contradictions which must shock the considerate at every turn. The ancients certainly appear to have understood the dignity of man better than we have done. We try experiments enough upon brutes. We improve the breed of horses, of cattle, of sheep; but, since the time of the ancients, no trial hath been made of the improvement of the breed of men. Indeed, in Europe, which constitutes the greater part of the civilized world, infinite pains are taken to deteriorate the breed of those who are the most exalted in society. This is the effect of prejudices—of ideal phantoms—that such and such a lineage must be

preserved, to the destruction of health and strength. Then, again, adultery was never mentioned by the ancients but as a crime on a level with murder and robbery: that is, among the Greeks. In many countries in Europe a man is sent to the gallies for stealing a hare or a pheasant, whilst he who substitutes his child in your family for your own is your friend, and highly prized in your society. Our country is more exempt from that scandal than others, particularly than those where the tenets of religion oblige the clergy to celibacy, which is the great cause of the prevalence of this vice. Thus one main spring of our fortunes, the tenderness with which we should be reared—(I mean the attention and care with which our early habits should be formed)—hath often been less considered as a duty than pursued as a habit —not more exalted, and often not so tender, as that manifested among brutes. But the clergy of all religions, having much dealings with the kingdom of darkness, the secrets whereof seem to be confided to them only, rely but little upon physical causes. Assum-

ing spontaneity, they insist on the efficacy of injunctions, as if we could of ourselves take a sudden turn, and move out of a direction in which we had been drawn by a thousand combinations. The less we know of second causes, the more are we affrighted and bewildered with what they tell us of that wonderful kingdom, and the more are we inclined to place the throne of the great first cause in the centre of it, encompassed by all its gratuitous terrors.

CHAP. XVII.

I WAS now a prisoner in Oxford. The tide of my fortune had turned. I was smarting under disappointments and wounds. I was exposed to contumely and neglect. The last piece of intelligence that I received was that my house and estate had been sacked and ravaged, and that my steward had gone off with all the rents that he had collected—that old mortgages of my father's, which I thought had long since been discharged, had come to light; and that notice was given that as soon as the times would allow of the operation of the civil law, I should be sued for them. Under the apprehension that I was desperately hurt, and rendered for ever unfit for service, my regiment had been taken from me, and given to another. And here again were my

fondest hopes blasted in a career in which I thought myself the most capable to succeed. I was without friends—without money, without health, but not without hope. Yes, Hope danced before my eyes. Like the morning sun, she lighted up my afflicted mind. I was brought to the best state of reflection;—not fanciful speculations, which burst like bubbles in the air, but that state of reflection into which we are forced by the pressure of external causes. When the demon Despair had chained me down to the earth, and I lay bewildered, sometimes terrified and sometimes sullen, the enchantress Hope would come and break my chain, and soar with me into the regions of imagination. In these moments I forgot my philosophy—I forgot the evidences of the senses. "Hope," I exclaimed, "can persuade us that there is a mysterious whisper, which darkly forebodes to us what we may expect." A specious appearance of good hath often ended in real evil; and apparent evil contains in it often real good. In calmer moments, I made the comparison between myself and the common

soldiers who were also prisoners, who, naked, were huddled together, their gaping wounds festering, covered with vermin, and half-starved. I balanced their condition against my own. If my own mental sufferings were more acute, their corporeal pains were more intolerable; if their minds were more obtuse than mine, so that they suffered not by reflection, still I had more philosophy, and could indulge more in abstract speculation, which would carry me far from the regions of sensitive objects. In truth, there are compensations: and man is unhappy from not knowing the nature of things; their congruity and incongruity; from forming a false estimate of his condition; from his wishes exceeding his capacities; from his not understanding the actual predicament in which he is placed; weighing its advantages and disadvantages, and trying all these proportions by a calm view and comparison between himself and others, and calculating from what he is, and what he might have been; continually saying, not, this is good and it might be better—but the converse, this is bad and

it might have been worse. I am wretched, but I might not have existed, and to cease to exist is always a last resource. Continual good palls the appetite, surfeits and sickens. What, is called ill, whets and re-invigorates us; and we judge by the contrast: because first establishing a contrast is the only mode whereby to judge. A constant monotony is as if we ceased to exist. It is the state that resembles non-existence, for the happiness of existence is equal to its activity: and consequently the lights and shades, the hopes and fears, the grief and joy of our condition, are necessary to the happiness of that condition. We shall find these notions apply with force to politics. And this lets me somewhat into the secret of all the ills of the civil war; of all the burnings, ravishings, murders, plunder, devastation, deaths, famine, disease, pain, executions, beheadings, hangings, tryings, subornation, perjury, hypocrisy, and that epidemic madness, fanaticism. Happiness, founded on virtue, must pass through a crucible—she must suffer, and lessons must be imprinted with a rough hand, and written in

deep characters, to be legible to after ages. Cavalier and Roundhead both received a lesson with a vengeance, that humbled the pride of the one, and corrected the sourness of the other. Their asperities were rubbed off—they were afterwards kneaded together by the monster they both reared up, and which is generated in the monstrous birth of civil discord—in unmitigated, positive, solitary, unsocial *power;* armed with terror, and grounded on the lassitude of exhausted contending principles. Thus the tempests that blow from the four quarters of the heavens dissipate the noxious vapours that infect every part of the earth. They meet, and cross, and jostle, and purify our atmosphere. In like manner did this hurricane of our passions sweep from before our eyes those mists that had obscured the divine forms of Truth! and Justice! and Liberty!

Meanwhile the war satiated and exhausted the furious passions of the people. They were chastised by the rough hand of experience, and corrected and tamed by the adamant chain of adversity. Viewing desolation around

me, I sat as if waiting in the antichamber of death. The pursuit of science, and the habits of meditation, could not draw off my attention from the survey of surrounding scenes; from a calculation on the result of events pregnant with the destinies of England and the human race. I panted, like the courser confined in his stable, after the field, its pomp, its glory, its dangers and its rewards. The hard hand of Fate had tied me up. At length the surrender of Oxford released me. More elastic from restraint, I plunged again into the foaming tide of public affairs. That tide had run against the King. Battles had succeeded to battles, and sieges to sieges—the face of the country was despoiled—half a generation were sacrificed, to maintain a principle, and to solve the awful proposition which the House of Commons voted, "That the people, under God, are the original of all just power."

Standing once more upon the arena of public life, I took a keener view of it; I discovered many a villain concealed under the mask of a patriot; many a pretended statesman ig-

norant of the first principles of human nature; a legislative assembly, in their collective capacity striking awe around them and influencing the destinies of mankind which they assumed to direct, consisting in their individual capacities, of mercenary, prostituted knaves, obstinate illiterate boors, despicable fanatical hypocrites, pedlars, trafficking for every vote, and buffoons and parasites, who were the ready panders to power, in whatever shape it might assume. Few considered what was best to be pursued, but all were anxiously affecting to pursue what might appear best—paying at least this homage to virtue, of being solicitous for yet undeserving of fame. Thus it is that the results of the acts of public assemblies shine forth to the world often with the lustre of public virtue; whilst a sort of convention appears to exist among modern nations never to examine into motives.

Our future tyrant now came into play. The abstruse and unintelligible temper of Cromwell sat brooding like the genius of evil upon the prospect of untoward events. He kept concealed within the ample folds of his

daring heart schemes of revenge and future greatness. He accelerated, and then arrested the progresss of liberty. He accelerated it by contriving and compassing the King's death, thereby setting a fearful example to future ages; shewing the futility of *divine right*, and that God acts by no supernatural agency in this world. The Deity finds it sufficient for his purpose to give what direction he chooses to the course of events. This great, this striking example of his providence, though operated by the hands of a selfish tyrant, hath worked to his glory, by overthrowing all human grandeur, and smashing at once human power, prejudices, and habitudes, and turning our minds to a first cause alone, to which all things are referable. It shews that by the will of God a king is hurled from the throne and brought to the scaffold, and that a soldier may be raised from the ranks to a throne. The causes of such events, laid deep in the constitution of human nature, have been long foreseen by its great Author, and have worked to perfect *our* humility and *his* glory. It was indeed a *great* and *stupendous act of* national

justice. The blood that fell from the scaffold that day watered the seeds of English liberty, and it hath taught sovereigns that they must not attempt to tread too closely on the heels of the Almighty, by pretending a divine right. They have been warned to shun such a presumptuous pretension. The trial and execution of Charles operated as a miracle to open the eyes of mankind, which had been too long sealed and purblind.

Cromwell arrested the progress of liberty, by leaping upon the backs of a weary people, and promising not to goad them further if they would take his direction. He flattered the whole circle of their passions; like the artful harlot, who by similar arts usurps the place of the affectionate wife. "I have given you tranquillity," said he, "and consequently food;" so, like Esau, they sold their birthright and their children's birthright for a mess of porridge. But for the loss they sustained there was a compensation. It will have taught future ages how to rely on uncontrolled power, and that the only guardian of liberty is the laws—that a true republic is

not one in name only—that power is like water, rushing into every vacant spot within its reach, and whither it may fall, and that an hereditary crowned magistrate, who is the sacred ensign-bearer of the State, keeps out your bold aspirers for dominion. His office is to bear the symbol of the power of the laws. Here, then, is an eternal necessary operation, and not an accidental spontaneity. Here, then, man exists to support a principle; and principles are not cut and shuffled like a pack of cards, to amuse a man. Thus a king becomes the chief of an illustrious aristocracy, the first gentleman in his kingdom.

I thought, I lived, I acted with Algernon Sidney, with Wildman, and Chaloner, and Martin, and Harrington and Neville. These were the first-rate Worthies of the age; they will be considered so by every true Englishman in after-times. They were the champions and *cavaliers* of Liberty! they formed her body-guard; and though for a while overcome, and chased from their sacred charge, by successful usurpation, they planted deep in the land such healthful, and vigorous principles,

as neither that usurpation, nor succeeding ones—nor all the trammels of superstition, nor the cruel bondage of selfish passions will ever root out, nor any thing short of an universal apostacy. May God avert such a predicament from England! may her sons remain brave, and her daughters virtuous! may that Providence which delights in harmony banish from among them that lust of arbitrary power, which is the parent of discord, of war, or of a worse alternative—Slavery. May God avert a spirit of faction, founded on the perishable basis of the rapid acquisition of gain! may he inspire her people with the great maxim, that human nature is the channel for the operations of great moral principles—those great moral principles which have flowed from out of her soil like a plenteous fountain! and may myriads and generations perish, so that great principles live. May that cradle of despotism, the *concentration of* the power of government, be crushed; so that government may expand itself through the heads of families—a noble principle, and ever the *instinct* of the British people. A staid and rational peo-

ple must necessarily fall into an aristocracy, if they are not overborne by tyranny or corruption; because every family in the State will strive to do the best for itself. Having done so, it is in the nature of that which we prize to desire the continuance thereof; we shift our affections to our children—hence the principle of aristocracy. Happy the State where the *humblest peasant* may feel this within his reach! My notion of aristocracy is not, then, an exclusive one. Indeed I had rather belong to a republic where this scheme of government was in force, namely, an aristocracy founded upon the rights of promogeniture, then be the subject of a monarchy, where such a system was set aside or exploded.

CHAP. XVIII.

THE nation was now delivered up to the dominion of its worst passions, and Fanaticism reigned triumphant. Fanaticism, which is a compound of vanity, fear, malignity and cruelty, that distorts not only every object, but outrages every feeling of humanity, crushed at once our darling project of liberty, and the glorious foundations that we had laid whereon to erect a noble fabric of human happiness. This dire and epidemic madness overspread the land; and Englishmen, once so famed for their sturdy virtue, their candour, frankness and good faith in all their dealings, became impious and fiery zealots carrying desolation and extermination among the kindred fanatics of Scotland and Ireland. Reason, Humanity,

and Justice wept and fled far from the polluted land. And now, astounded with the rapid and overwhelming progress of this distemper, I retired within myself. I saw, or I fancied I saw a vision, which represented to me Fanaticism, or false religion, the child and champion of Superstition. Her form was gigantic; her cloud-capped head was encircled by lurid, forked, and streaming fire; her feet were hid in the bowels of the earth; her serpent's tongue spoke lies in a voice of thunder; her eyes glared with a soul-searching malignity; her crown of flames momentarily lit up, or seemed to light up the darkness and desolation which surrounded her, and discovered all the victims of her fury, whose limbs lay strewed around, horrid to the view. In her right hand she held a bloody sword, in her left a chain, which seemed to be constantly circling about all the kings and people of the earth. Her garment was scrawled over with cabalistic sentences, written in many strange tongues. Myriads of human beings were studying and striving to learn them: yet all were giving them different in-

terpretations. They agreed, however, in one particular: to look upon their idol as the protectress of power, in whatever shape it should assume. Her votaries wore different coloured habits. They fought whenever they met; and sometimes gave up each other's cities to massacre and pillage, because one interpreted a line or a sentence written on her garments differently from another. She pretended to whisper in the ear of the Almighty, and to receive from his own lips the most minute instructions; then, waving her sword, she urged on mankind to mutual hatred and destruction. Then begun the work of desolation, and then were chains forged; then sat Reason, wringing her hands in the attitude of despair. Then a morbid chillness overspread her regions. Numerous bands of men, issuing from their dark abodes, clothed in dismal colours, with measured steps and sad aspects, walked abroad, and the ghost of universal empire sat upon the Roman grave. No regions so distant that were not infected—no country so civilized that was not terrified.

Making war upon Reason, Fanaticism levelled men's intelligence. No understanding so proud that was not in some sort humbled—no mind so weak that did not feel exalted. Yet all was false and visionary—all was uncertain, obscure, contradictory, and unintelligible. Thus man, impatient of physical restraint, revelling in his distorted imagination, played such pranks, as to set at defiance our most profound speculations upon his being.

I have pondered with attention upon the opinions that I have set down in the last chapters. Any one running over them carelessly, might perhaps imagine that I was an advocate for licentiousness. By no means:—my notion is, that the more *simple* the religion, the more *severe* the morals will be of its votaries. They may be *intolerant*—but should we not be intolerant of vice and of folly? When we drive our moral faculties to an extreme, they must become intolerant of those that have not been forced up to such a pitch. Aye, and virtue is *intolerant*. True religion is intolerant. She is intolerant of atheism,

and superstition, the effect and the cause. She is intolerant of fanaticism. It is our vices and our weaknesses that make us tolerant. What sect so intolerant as the stoics? What sect had ever so grand a conception of human dignity? What sect ever divided man so completely from the clods he treads upon? What sect ever tied him so closely to these clods, as the Epicureans? as the whole philanthropic tribe of the Peripatetics, of the Gnostics, or of the insipid Platonists? of your gentle improvers of the human race, your coaxers into justice?

There can be no tyranny in forcing men into a good direction. On the contrary, tyrants have ever been the greatest encouragers of licentiousness. It is no new observation, that bad men love tyranny. By tyranny, I mean that power which comes rapidly and unsparingly on all, whether from a single person, a council, a body politic or corporate, or through the furious multitude, the blindest and maddest of all. Bad men find in it patrons of their vices, their corruptions, and their misdeeds. A man who is servile to

others will be servile to himself. *He will not respect himself.* And in what doth his honesty principally consist, but in *self-reverence?* Excess of gaiety degenerates into frivolity; it is then synonimous with folly. Wherever riches flow, and magnificence abounds, youth should be impressed with the necessity of a grave and staid behaviour. This is in essentials rather than in manners; for morals may be grave and manners gay, and *vice versâ*. A grave and staid behaviour in youth prepareth them to nourish and admire great principles, and, by habitual restraint, chase away selfishness—that canker of honour; that slayer of virtue. The noble disregard of life and wealth, which raised the famous men of antiquity to the mid sphere between earth and heaven, could never have arisen in the money-seeking republics of the middle ages. Hence how short their duration! The Florentine Medicis well knew this. Thus they erected their throne on the corrupt soil of mercantile hearts; they bewildered the learned with the nice criticism of grammarians. The whole stress of human ingenuity was discovered by them to consist

in turning a point in literary composition, penning a conceited epigram, in chiselling the ductile marble, or in calling forth the power of the pencil. Men's eyes were feasted, their ingenuity excited; their hearts were corrupted, and their views bounded. From the imperial Augustus they learned the artful lesson. He found old Rome a town of brick, he left it a city of marble. Such was the imperial boast; such the means of his victory over public liberty. If we are too gay, we cannot be safe; because our vices and follies then invade us, and carry the citadel of our virtue by storm. No tyranny can oppress us, if it be not through the medium of our follies and vices. They are the instruments, the tools with which it works. Had half of Rome been possessed of Brutus' virtue, would the Roman Emperors have ever insulted and disgusted the world? Tyranny, then, is the rod wherewith the Deity scourges the vices of mankind. No man can be bad who thinks and acts upon these principles. He who perpetually views a first cause operating through second causes, is already

accepted. He cannot fall into a state of reprobation—he will never be abandoned to a dangerous self-delusion—his heart will be steeled against misfortune, because he will feel that he is under a supreme guidance, and that every step is ordained, and every wish is inspired.

Here is a conclusion that should make us resist any system that impugns the rigid unity of the Deity. What greater crime can our hearts point out to us than *polytheism?* And was *polytheism* confined to Gentiles only? Is every other *positive religion* clear of it? Has no trace of it ever come down from the ideal Platonists? Have their untangible opinions never been adopted into more modern schemes? It is a crime on a level only with atheism; the one making many, the other no first cause of all the phenomena of Nature: whereas the result of all our inquiries in natural and moral philosophy only goes to convince us of that great and eternal truth, the existence of a first cause, the futility of our will, the nullity of our power, and the folly of our presumption. But who is there—who, breaking through the trammels of false education,

of the irregular passions, and of fear—shall be bold enough with an eagle's sight to gaze upon the star-paved heavens? His heart already dwells in the regions of empyrean light—*he* is in truth chosen—he hath been accepted.

When we behold at every turn that property called motion; when we have never yet found out its spring, notwithstanding all our curious researches;—when we have sifted, divided, mixed every particle of matter, according to all the modes which our ingenuity hath suggested, and when we have failed in the discovery of perpetual motion,—whence must we conclude it to be derivable?—From some superior Being. By that superior Being, then, are we propelled. Let us originate motion with ourselves, and then we are independent, except of the collision of other bodies moved upon the same principles. But here again would there be a necessary propulsion, because the force of two is greater than one; so that, under every hypothesis, we can never get rid of necessity. It is this secret, this divine spring, that is the original

of all things, of all subordinate determinations, actions, and directions. Human life is one great channel of its operation. Through the exercise of human life the face of nature becomes changed. Is it not therefore, a secondary spring of this great primary principle? Who is there so blind as not to perceive it—who so perverse as not to admit it—who so obtuse as not to feel it? What religion is there so grand as this sentiment? To what greater height can our soul tower, than in grasping at this sublime conception? Like unto him that mounts to the top of the highest Alps, or with panting breath reaches the crest of chilling Chimborazo; he sees passing under him the mists and clouds which have shortened the sight of the less venturous mass: he gazes through the pure æther—so he whose aspiring mind dares perceive alone a great first cause, regards the vulgar mass below him as enveloped in eternal mists. The babblings of their throats pass by him like the whistling winds, and he looks down with scorn on their absurd theories and vain phantasies, and the whole of that paltry system of econo-

my which they fondly imagine to be the off-spring of their own free choice. Yes, he may laugh and weep when mixed with them; but when alone he will contemplate calmly his real state. He will discard the vain systems of the sophists, that make the Deity an *eternal man*, imbued with every human passion. He will rest satisfied with this sublime conclusion —God is what He is. Even the stoics presumed no further than that the deity is the animating soul of the universe. No nearer can we rationally approach the awful fane ! !

Free-agency, then, is a most atheistical doctrine ; since it makes of the Deity a nullity in the midst of creation ; since it sets God aside in the midst of his own operations.

CHAP. XIX.

THE hard hand of Fate chased me from England. My fortune was ruined. I was despoiled of the brilliant harness of war. A stern usurper had hushed the voice of the people. He alone was their representative—for he had trampled on their virtues, and had placed his throne on their base passions—their sloth, their fanaticism, and their rapacity, formed the basis of his towering ambition. He had shorn the Constitution of its ornament—the aristocracy; he had crushed that order which is of all others the most essential to liberty and law, because it constitutes a real division of power, neutralizing absolute power, and checking the turbulent ebullitions of the popular torrent of licentiousness. Like the oak, it gives dignity

and grandeur to the forest. Like the oak, it striketh deep roots, and for a thousand years it resisteth the howling tempest. But the tyrant wielded with a master's hand the public energies abroad, and the foreigner trembled at the mention of his plebeian court. My proud spirit would not truckle. If the splendour of the monarchy, if the wisdom and dignity of the aristocracy and the spirit of the republic are alike quashed—if the chivalry of the nation is humbled in the dust—on what is an English gentleman to ground his loyalty, fix his affections, or encourage his hopes? Sympathy he cannot find in inanimate nature. All his best affections are within the circle of his social and moral existences. In vain he enjoys the soil, or the chase, when society is out of joint, and civility eclipsed: for his fine-drawn principles lay nourished in much secret meditation; and on what now can he meditate, in harmony with his early associations? It is the people of England that constitute England such as we prize it; and they cease to be that people when driven from their old direction.

Oftentimes I exclaimed, "shall we, Brutus-like, strike with the avenging dagger? We may reach the tyrant's heart, but we cannot *strike down all his satellites*—his hour is not yet come—when that hath sounded, it will call back liberty to her old haunts; she will again nerve and refresh our hearts. But that awful knell cannot be tolled by our presumptuous hands, for his web is not yet fully woven." From these reflections, which I felt were conveyed to my inmost soul, as illapses of the great Spirit, I was induced to restrain my hand; "and now," said I, "let us, superior to our hard fate, try to seek new fortunes on distant shores."

My weary heart turned, then, sobbing with affliction, from England. Abstracted from the pressure of these doleful circumstances, my imagination danced with a momentary delight at the prospect of a voyage into the new world; and my mind was filled with the profoundest reflection upon that greatest exertion of human ingenuity, the means of adventuring across the awe-striking ocean. Herein man shews himself the epitome of a

demi-god—in the construction of a frail bark —its management, its navigation by means of his active physical powers—his undaunted moral qualities—his profound scientific discoveries. Thus he leaves his own element, to pass over one the most appalling. He borrows from the sea-fowl the plan to build his carriage, and he appeals to the inward heaven for his courage, and to the outward heaven to be his conductor. All the sciences are here required. What a line of demarcation doth this enterprize draw out between him and brutes! The first navigator's breast must have been agitated by hope not short of inspiration! hope, that hath been gratified, and hath given us an earnest of immortality, when we are to *plunge into the dark tide of death*. Here the most cynical may glory in the noble nature of man—when tossed on the mountain billows, to behold intelligence contending with the storm of inanimate nature, in her fiercest mood, and gaining the victory.

Man, like the ravening hounds, casts and circles over his planet. Neither the arid sands of the desert, the vast forests of the

unfrequented wilderness, nor the terrible ocean, stops his incessant beat. But when, stimulated by his growing intelligence, he shall have overcome all the obstacles to his enterprizing exertions; when nought shall remain to be sought for, nought to be discovered; when his passions are no further to be pampered; then must come the final consummation of all things. What other mode, than the destruction of his planet, can we conceive, to extricate ourselves from the monotony of the supposed advancement towards perfection—when man's intelligence shall become co-equal to all his wants, for it never can be so to his desires? This destruction, like that of his individual dissolution, will be the filtering-stone through which the intelligence is to pass, when in an higher sphere it may have again for ages to dance another mazy round. This strikes me as an eternal truth. Who, then, is so grovelling, as to tie that intelligence to the clods we tread upon, and assert that it shall moulder like them? They are to be broken and scattered—but in-

telligence is one and indivisible; no knife so keen that can divide it; no crucible so hot that can smelt it; no ocean so deep that can overwhelm it; no heavens so high that it cannot reach; no spot so distant that it cannot occupy; already hath it propelled us to run a thousand times over our globe—why, then, should the Almighty quench it?

These thoughts sprung up in my mind as I left the British shores. As I moved from the more contracted sphere of my own country, to be numbered among the children of the world, who, migrating from one immediate government, are, notwithstanding, still within the rule of the great Chief, whose spirit knows nor time nor space—and thus I pondered until I discovered the pine-covered cliffs of the Western Hemisphere, ungenial, sad, and forlorn as grief.

Reflection checked unavailing sorrow, and whispered to me rather to rejoice at what I had escaped from, than to be downcast at what I was to encounter. I had escaped from the fearful yoke of having been under the

government of a *single person*. The govern-
ment of a single person! what portentous words—how mysterious—what a cold and chilling sentiment they convey to our shrivelled hearts! But are they true? Is it possible that mankind should submit to the government of a single person? No: we are never under the government of a single person, but under that of our fears, our prejudices, our folly, and our base, selfish, corrupt vices; these are the reins with which a single person conducts us—these are the whips and spurs with which he goads us on. These are the allies of tyranny and superstition; these *alone have upheld* tyranny and superstition; these have ravaged the world by wars, and withered and sickened humanity by injustice. These prepare us to bend our necks under the yoke. Awed by the sound of a name, we are driven in to dovetail and wedge the monstrous fabric of corrupt and licentious power. We help to rear up the hideous pyramid; we fancy that part of this power is reflected in us, when in truth we are but the stepping-

stones of the ambition of others, who uncere-moniously put their feet upon our necks, to rise to their infamous eminence! While our pure intelligence is dozing, and our vanity grows rank and prurient, or our more base and villainous covetousness holds out its hand to receive the wages of our iniquity—such is the case in every sickly, worn-out nation. We bend, then, not under the decrepitude of virtue, but the more scandalous decrepitude of vice, *which hath even lost its daring*. But now, having left far behind that position in which our baser passions might render us slaves for a while, I dared to look upon the awful solitude of this vast wilderness, where I found nature in her rugged and primeval mode, and man fresh from the hand of God. Here his simple, unmixed, being excluded emasculating vices, ever the offspring of a more complicated existence, and raised up by the many combinations of society. Here his religion was simple theism—It had not yet degenerated into polytheism, the creation of ignorance or priestcraft. His justice was se-

vere, because it was unmitigated by that weakness, generated by our selfishness and fears, often *miscalled humanity*. His purpose was inflexible, because his body was braced; his perceptions were clear, because he was perplexed but by few comparisons; and his determinations were firm, because his being was in harmony with the rugged elements of nature around him.

On this soil, and among such a people, the foundations of a great empire will be laid. I fled from successful tyranny at home, to plant the sole of my foot in peace, even in this vast wilderness:—proving that human nature is not the physical enjoyment of life only, but the channel for the operation of great principles. Who, then, will contend for the insulated being of man, for his power or spontaneity? He is not a puppet, that dances and chatters for his hour before the high heavens—to be hissed or applauded as he shall play his part—to be soothed or whipped like a froward child—to be cajoled or frightened—but a part of a mighty whole, the channel of intelligence, and on our planet the most effi-

cient instrument of Almighty power. Such is he, whether his virtue dwindles in the midst of the decrepitude of the old world, or whether it be invigorated in its hard struggles in the new. Still his essential condition is the same. Our vanity and our malignity alone make us dissent. Armed with this persuasion, I put my foot intrepidly on shore, regardless of the hirsute-bear, the rattle-snake, or the Indian-arrow. These shrunk into nought before the invisible and master-hand of Fate, which tracked out my beat through the pathless forest.

CHAP. XX.

HERE, then, I am, in this vast wilderness, a banished man. Years are to roll over my head, and possibly I may sink down into the grave, drinking the while this bitter draught; for aught of myself I cannot do. For, as I have said before, day by day only we read but one page of the awful book of Fate. Every night the volume is shut before our longing eyes. We cannot see through darkness, and sleep into the story of to-morrow;—the morrow comes—hope is no more a flitting phantom—an Almighty arm hath broken our bonds asunder; our speedy feet outrun our wishes—the glory of the triumph compensates our bondage. Who then is free? let him look upon the universe, upon nature and her laws—can he escape from himself, and

leave nature behind? Not until his hour hath struck; then he is called—he hath not called himself. No: not if even he hath drunk the tragic-bowl, or planted the cold steel in his own breast. Oft is such a man like to the sorry jade, that will not be pricked through a toilsome journey, but slinks and falters, and then slips away. But I, whose nerves are not yet unstrung, will manfully bear up, and trudge on my rugged path.

How can our little barks in our fleeting lives, which are but of a moment, sail down in full force the eternal and boundless tide of infinitude, and accelerate or impede its awful march? Are we at the helm,—do we steer the vessel and trim her sails? How scanty are our own records of the passing hour; who collects them—and, when collected, who fills his mind with them; and how long would they dwell there? We dance an hour in the sunbeam of life, and our vanity and fears conclude that we shall continue some such dance in that existence which transcends all calculation—where we are stopt with the awe-striking words of election, reprobation—where the

wisest philosopher stops short, at its general admission only—who in the most ardent moments of his imagination dares not pass its mysterious threshold. What, then, is our grief or pain, our happiness, even our virtue or our crimes, when swallowed up in the capacious jaws of endless time—waiting as we do for our final, irremediable sentence?

The fecundity of the principles of nature astounds us! their deductions, and the combinations of those deductions, are infinite in variety and in effect. Two human beings, created with the original properties which we discover in them, aided by brutes and vegetables, and supported by the substrata upon which they rest, require only space to spread; and in spreading, what new combinations arise! what moral and metaphysical qualities, beyond sensitive nature, sprout out! These qualities we can hardly catch, and fix; they are a sort of glory, which illumines the tangible products of Nature. Yet, from the multiplication of units from this spreading, spring all positive ills—as a necessary condition annexed to existence, and consequently

as necessary as existence itself. Every unit added creates new contingencies, new circumstances—these produce new physical and moral accidents, and multiply infinitely occurrences. From these are deduced more liberty, or new restrictions; the being of one becoming involved with the being of another. Virtue and vice grow necessarily out of this natural order of things. Man by his multiplication thus necessarily departs from his original simplicity—he becomes artificial. Myriads and generations are involved in the same fate, springing from the operation of a principle, in policy, in religion, or political economy. The flux and reflux of the tide of life are sometimes violently agitated—then subside into a calm—sometimes sweep away *this* spot, and leave it a parched desert; then fly to *that*, where they conquer the obstacles that Nature have opposed to them; and, often changing both soil and climate, lead man to the very verge of his tether. During such a flow of life, much individual misery must prevail, springing from out of the very posture of these predicaments.

Suppose that we inhabit a poor but salubrious country, with a thinly scattered population. Upon the whole much of general happiness exists; much of comfort, and much of individual dignity falls to the lot of each individual, because the share of each individual in the bounties of Nature is large, and more than equivalent to his necessary wants; and neighbours are not in continual collision for the same object. Man in this case would exhibit a fine specimen of the human race. He pleases the poet's fancy—the moralist cites him as an example to others. But the vainglorious, rapacious statesman who governs, contrasts the condition of this polity with that of a neighbouring state; dreams of wealth and grandeur perturb his imagination—idle fears torment his heart—envy irritates, and vanity excites him. "Come," says he, "let us begin by conquest; our people are poor, brave, and hardy; they will readily leave tending their flocks and following their ploughs for the pittance the State can afford in the way of the pay of a soldier; we shall soon reimburse ourselves by plunder." The

drum beats, and with it every youthful heart; the tear stands a moment only in the woman's eye, rendering her more lovely, because she appears more tender. Glory and love inflame the passions of the youth to enthusiasm—the Nobles solicit commands—the peasants fill the ranks; the Clergy implore the benediction of Heaven upon this just and holy cause of war. The frontier is passed. Last week our neighbours were our brothers and our friends—now they are natural enemies—savage hordes of banditti. To destroy them is to do a work pleasing in the sight of God, and glorious in the eye of man—lovely in those of our mistresses and wives. The bloody banquet is served up; and war riots in all his soul-appalling, or soul-inspiring havoc. Brave men fall in the field—limbs are torn off by the cannon-shot—hundreds escape the sword to be trodden to death under the horses' feet, or to have their racked joints whirled round the artillery wheels—the hospitals are crowded—the amputation knife is blunted—fevers extend their influence over many a livid-coloured victim—villages, nay

cities are burnt—the aged, the infirm, the bed-ridden become fuel, and add fierceness to the flames—women are ravished, and their infants expire of terror or neglect,—famine or sleepless nights, under the parental or connubial roof, in the eyes of their household gods—famine and pestilence, with giant strides stalk over the land. A province is conquered, and added to the dominions of the invader. The conquered look dejected, but lament in silence—an active Police is established, because they are not gay. They venture to complain,—the prisons are filled—gibbets groan under the weight of executions —*and the captive sighs out his life in a cell.* *No part* of despotic government should fill us with such horror as the contemplation of solitary confinement for pretended State crimes—or, in other words, often for the valorous and virtuous exertions of an individual to ameliorate the condition of his fellows. Executions, and even tortures, suppose in those who have recourse to such desperate inflictions of power, the violent agitation of the passions. But the cold cruelty of immuring

a wretched victim for the best years of his life, or for his entire life, fixes such an indelible stain on the authority that exercises such merciless power, that justice and humanity must desire its overthrow. Wretched victims of atrocious despotism! how many of you have pined in all ages, and in the most civilized States, whilst the jealous and dastardly tyrants, who are the authors of your unmerited misery, are insulting mankind with their profligate sensuality. And shall not we rejoice, and cry Ha! Ha! when the Promethean fire of Heaven, descending in thunderbolts upon a prostrate people, shall communicate to them celestial energy, and nerve them with irresistible force, to hurl from their eminence and dash to the earth their merciless oppressors, and thus root out both cause and effect—tyrants and executioners? Here, then, is the effect of conquest—such is the result of glorious extended robbery—here is the first step to the greatness of States. They are first established in bloodshed and oppression; then comes wealth to sweeten the bitter draught—wealth, which knows no

medium—which swells to that enormous size that at length it bursts, and leaves the State a poor and exhausted husk. The desire of acquiring wealth, fostered with so much care, pursued with such avidity, and grasped at with such rapacity, increaseth until the precious metals, which are its sign, become too scanty to mark its progress or its extent. It then flies into another sign of less solidity—and, like other phantoms and follies, it bursts in airy bubbles.

Neither the gloomy forests that surrounded me; nor the majestic rivers that flowed through them; nor the primitive simplicity of the lives of the settlers; nor the original hardihood of the Indian warriors, could draw off my attention from Europe and civilized society—could detach my mind from those past scenes, in which I had been an actor—or divert my thoughts from perpetually recurring to them. Compared with the rude and simple state of society that surrounded me, I often in a morbid state of mind, in a moody humour, viewed civilized society with disgust and secret horror; exclaiming, "Man!

you, who have such power, why do you so misuse the advantages of expanded intelligence and civilized society? Alas! it is because you possess not the power—but dire cause and effect link you together in one chain." Then I felt, "Why should I regret those countries that I have left behind? Look at them in their dark point of view, and what do they present? Let me, then, solace my solitude and exile, by running through the whole circle of their corruptions and vices. Look at the administration of the government of a modern nation—and what else is it but one system of treachery, apostacy, and intriguing, the parents of rapine and oppression?—Is it not a frequent practice of kings, governors, and ministers, living on apparently the best terms with one another, and seemingly animated by a community of political sentiments, secretly to strive to undermine each other—not scrupling to employ the basest means to accomplish the most selfish ends? With such men, good faith, honour, or sincerity, are so many words of course, just as "your obedient humble servant" are at the

bottom of a letter? Are not the true qualifications of an official person lying and subornation? Here I viewed mock patriots and mock royalists; the one pretenders to justice, and the other to loyalty; dastardly hypocrites in their souls—equally the panders of power—desirous, not of checking it, but of profiting by it; trading in it as a merchandize of exclusive value. The concentration of power is the hotbed of selfishness and villainy—its disunion is the parent of Virtue. Look at ancient Rome and ancient Athens. With the first we are delighted, because the power was divided—man belonged to a principle—he was generalized. In the second it was concentrated in the giddy multitude; man was individualized and degenerated. Absolute monarchies and pure democracies have one and the same tendency—because absolute monarchies are democracies with a perpetual dictator. Away, then, with the cant of king and people; it is destructive of virtue, intelligence, and real liberty. Hypocrisy! Hypocrisy! thou bane of political and social life! thou God-dishonouring atheist! thou slayer

of virtue—mean and coward slave! Thou comest limping after power, to give it a righteous shove—thou shrivelled elf, canting, shuffling, blearing with thy swoln eye and long-drawn visage to sanctify misrule! I turn from thee with nauseous disgust—I shudder at thy contracted, unseemly aspect—thou flatterest alike the worst passions of power, whether to be found in king or people—to neither wilt thou dare to give a good direction—thou offspring of vanity and cowardice!

The construction of *civilized society*, as it is called, in any of the great capitals of Europe, presents a most curious spectacle to any one who is not drawn into the vortex, or swallowed in such a bottomless pit. At every turn we find human spiders working their webs to catch and devour the flies. Compared to such refined cruelty the Indian's tomahawk is mercy. Let us take a view of many of those whom fortune hath favoured—who have stood forward in the world, and who have either, according to the vulgar notion, made their own fortunes, or whose fortunes have in some degree been previously made.

How often hath their youth passed in idleness, or low, frivolous, and profligate pleasures; next follow servility, spleen, and indolence in their middle age, unless an opportunity offers of *selling* or *betraying* their country to mend their shattered fortunes. Disappointment, faction, insolence, or oppression in power, are the concomitants of the next stage—peevish, obstinate wilfulness follow in their old age, avarice their only consolation—alternately malignant atheists or superstitious bigots—unfeelingly delighted at the misfortunes of mankind—holding them to be a sort of compensation for their near approach to their end;—see them trailing out a contemptible existence, by the aids of medicine, and the extreme care of a worn-out, diseased and rancid carcase;—see them crawling in the sun, with tottering limbs and a ghastly visage; spleen in their hearts, and scandal on their tongues, panting for a moment's respite from the inevitable hour. Every day that rolls over their head strikes a dagger into their hearts. Thus are transient pleasures followed by long and bitter recollections—thus the

notion of death, that *great leveller*, whom the *mercy of God* hath appointed to sweep the vermin from the face of the earth, comes with a double crash upon the pampered body, and the saturated mind, that hath sought for all but intellectual enjoyments. Let us follow one of these lords of the creation into his chamber. Decay creeps upon him in health, in faculties, and in friends. He casts a scowl around—he perceives in the ill-suppressed satisfaction or impatience of his circle that they are anxious for his curtain to drop, to close the ridiculous farce of his self-important life. He is bed-ridden—he is dependent upon his menials for the slightest motion. Where now is the value of his titles, his honours, his decorations, his riches—all the favour he hath received from women—all the flattery from men—all the power from circumstances? —Where is his wit, his taste, or the fleeting popularity he once might have enjoyed? If he hath a spark of fire left in his soul, he must envy the glorious death of the soldier on the field—or the simple and unostentatious departure of the peasant. It is the *contrast*

of his former life with his present condition that makes death *terrible* indeed—that arms it with double horrors! Wrapt in a coarse blanket, with his arms folded, the Indian stretches himself and dies with stoical composure? under his rude wigwam, his last breath is ushered from his frame by the bold accents of his admiring clan who sing his deeds of glory. Who, then, will deny where the compensation lies?

These reflexions were in harmony with my dreary abode—with the silence that reigned around. When new objects do not strike the imagination, to renew its operation, to exhilarate the heart, and make the blood flow quick, the mind falls into meditation, dwells on past scenes, and even feasts on sorrow. For there are predicaments in which ever-blest Hope even begins to fade—Hope, which is as necessary to our life as our daily bread; which is the food of our moral existence. I felt that if, at any period of my life, rushing forward under the influence of exterior cir cumstances, I had been too much expanded, that all my moral feelings had become slo-

venly and sleepingly listless, I was now indeed sufficiently concentrated—my vigilance was awakened—and I stood a watchful sentinel upon myself. Ah! were we all to stand sentinels upon ourselves, others would not stand sentinels over us—for self-reverence will not stoop to undue mastery. It was evident that my mind had, from the pressure of circumstances, changed its direction. Such a change, aided by a train of those happy circumstances, might influence my fortunes, and bring me back to real rather than ideal happiness. In every dispensation, then, of Providence, there is a blessing—and the bankrupt may educate a virtuous race, instead of scattering a vicious spawn upon the world. Aye! and in that soul-searching state, in the humiliation of exile, our minds may become more robust; educated in such a state, our children will become more emboldened to grapple with future fortunes. The soul, steeped in adversity, like steel, takes a nobler temper. But to know how to dare we must have felt how to suffer; and having suffered, we despise danger. Then springs the soul to daring, and rushes

over all obstacles—reckless, rapid, headlong and undaunted. Like the foaming dun-coloured autumnal flood of the intricate Apennine, she whirls in her vortex the stupid gazing herd, that would otherwise have choaked up her course. Nought, then, is worth clinging to but great principles, because they perish not. At this moment I perceived that I had not invoked Hope in vain. I had been chastened, and chosen, but not abandoned; chosen, because I dwelt not in the *kingdom of darkness*, the most capacious empire upon earth. To maintain its wide extended rule the perverted or bribed talents of mankind have exerted their power. To support that state the theologian hath not laboured in vain. The poet's fancy hath been exercised no less than the lawgiver's ingenuity. The philanthropist hath sighed—his partial charity hath only obviated some of its grievances;—but the philosopher, armed with the *real bolts* of Heaven, often hath broken its bonds. Our whole polity in the civilized world, ecclesiastical as well as civil, is not yet freed from

darkness. Darkness encompasseth the thrones of monarchs, and even the sacred fane dedicated to the fountain of light is oft enveloped in its thickest mists.

CHAP. XXIX.

My mind was interrupted from preying upon itself by the arrival of a vessel from England. We learned by her that the Protector had sent an expedition to the West-Indies, under Pen and Venables. This information filled me with joy. Whatever was the state of politics at home, however much I might be opposed to the existing governor, and to his administration of the commonwealth—whenever there arose an occasion of adding to the glory or power of England, I thought it my duty to aid her exertions: for we cannot forego our allegiance to the soil of our native country. Whatever government may be established in it, *to our country we are united by indissoluble ties—to its government by compact only.*

This arrival broke in upon the *moody mo-notony* of my exiled existence—my heart was flushed with the joyous sight. The curiosity of the colony was awakened, as soon as it was known that this ship had room to take volunteers. Many a youth's breast heaved with impatience of his present abode, and beat high with expectation of future fortune and glory. Many a maid's heart quivered with tremulous anxiety, in the apprehension of the faithlessness of her lover—for women have not always the power to calm our restless impatience of restraint. Here let me observe that the loveliness of women is a quality in proportion to their simplicity. In this fruitful soil of the female breast, weeds spring up apace:—sophistry, half-education, produce affectation, the froward child of selfishness, which blurs over their loveliness, and dissolves the enchantment of their society. Hence the extreme difficulty of managing their education—hence they are spoiled when over-educated;—hence the destruction of their *freshness*, their elasticity by over-training—hence the more natural the more amiable—*hence the less med-*

dled with the better. In your males the education should *be stern and wild,* to enable them to grapple with stern and wild fortunes. The surest proof of the decay of a State is the approximation of the education of the sexes. Even our mistresses have not always the power to restrain our impatience, because hope, dressed out in gaudy colours, fires our fancy, and fascinates our senses. Habit cloys us—we pant for new scenes, new diversions. Is not this in some sort an earnest of immortality? Shall our wishes be always powerless? Shall our sphere be always contracted? Are we only to have time just to gaze about us, and then to sink into eternal night, surrounded by fleeting pleasures and lasting sorrow—by sickening disappointments, and devouring expectation? What else is the life of man—I mean not that two-legged brute, who ranges only within the circle of sensitive objects—I mean him on whom a portion of ethereal spirit hath been sprinkled, and who can look around him in the moral world—who dares take a flight in those hallowed regions, where the vulgar cannot follow?

"Yes," I exclaimed, "I am now emancipated personally—mentally I have ever been so. In the language of the Roman poet, "wheresoever the tempest drives me, there let me be carried its host."

Our gallant ship cut through the rippling tide, and then bounded over the elastic billows. Like Venus newly sprung from the sea, she seemed to spread out her white bosom, glittering in the sun. Impelled by the clear north wind, the dignity of her movement was like to the march of a goddess. Sometimes she assumed a slow majestic pace—then rushed forwards with hurried tumult, submissive to the angry winds, yet more obedient to the skilful pilot.

The bleached cordage and snow-white sails of every vessel that we met, presaged our near approach to the place of our destination. I felt for the first time in my life the vivifying glow of a warmer sun. I discovered the mighty influence of that glorious planet under whose cheering rays bare existence is luxury; that planet by calming and delighting our sensations, which can quench

the anguish of our minds. This, then, is the solution of that problem, "why does tyranny hold its rule more in the warmer regions?" Because the sun is a compensation. In the North our war with the elements prepares us for war with our fellows. How benign, then, is the influence of the sun! who shines equally upon all; whose favours are equally dispensed to all; much equalizes our lot. When absent, the contrast of our respective conditions is more striking —our woes more afflicting, our pangs more bitter. Buoyed up by the animating and exhilarating influence of its vivifying rays, we seem to swim in a sea of delight. Abundant Nature riots around us. Our wants are contracted—our pleasures overflow. Who can contemplate the Sun without religion, or be comforted by it without gratitude? In our conception, it seemeth the masterpiece of God's works. The Sun kindleth the divine spark of intelligence, here and there scattered among the human race. Much hath it solaced my afflicted mind; much hath it compensated me for the shuddering reflection on

the tyrant's frown, and the malignant grin of envy or detraction. When, well nigh nauseated by the bitter draught of life that the dire Fates have held out to my parched and expectant lip, its cheering rays have warmed my tardy blood!

When indulging in more lofty speculations upon the formation of the universe, *the Sun clearly proves to us that there is no vacuum;* and, from the admission of this proposition, what immense deductions may be drawn! deductions which crush and overwhelm the kingdom of darkness! If, in eight minutes after the Sun hath beamed above the horizon, its rays strike upon our frames, and vivify our chilled blood, rouse our imagination, expand our heart, nerve our body, and let loose our passions—who shall deny a continuous substratum of substance from it to us? And if so, where is the vacuum? and if no vacuum, then the universe is one body—one and indissoluble. Parts of it may revolve, may change, but its entireness stands confessed. It hath always been—it is—and will be. It is governed *by an eternal code of laws, and all within it*

are subject to their awful rule. How many vain phantasies of the brain here expire! how many systems fall into nought, or flit back again, to be renewed by the fancy that gave them birth.

Some philosophers (having observed a peculiar or occasional attraction of the celestial bodies) have conceived that a special interposition of power is necessary to throw them into their former direction; but a more careful calculation of the laws of motion proves that there exists in the principles of harmony of that motion a *motive* that brings them back again into their usual and necessary direction. This proposition proves most indubitably the uniformity of power springing from one common cause, and animating the whole universe. It proveth the universe to be one body moved from one common impulse, and place it without space and time, which then cease to be general terms. *The laws of motion are the theory of universal power.* To hunt these laws through all their intricacies, their labyrinths,—to prove their direct or indirect application, is to unlock Nature by the

keys of our intelligence, and to give us a new insight into our being, and the phenomena that surrounds us.

With the chemical composition of the Sun I have nothing to do. Whether it be according to some theories an opaque and cold body—what the chemical process of its eliciting heat, from contact with various substances, may be, these are the details of Nature's works. These considerations relate to the congruity or incongruity of things—to their assortment, their arrangement, or regularity. I look to the great results, and reason *à posteriori*. God hath given me a portion of intelligence, and I use it. Whether the use I make of it be good or bad is not for man to determine, who is subject to the same rules of the eternal law as I am, and whose view of things is according to the direction into which he hath been thrown. Entrenched in this impregnable fortress, I defy all attacks, because they can be carried on only by postulates—by previous concessions—by begging me to admit that which I am not bound to admit. All the

arrows that superstition, interest, domination, malignity, and ignorance shoot at us, hurtle through the air, and fall innocuous at our feet.

On our arrival in the West Indies, we found that the expedition had completely failed against Hispaniola, and that it had completely succeeded against Jamaica. These occurrences gave me leisure to visit those islands, to take into consideration this new state of society, and to make fresh observations on the waywardness and the inconsistencies of the human race. It did absolutely astound me, to find that a nation pluming itself so highly upon its religion, its morality, and its love of justice, should countenance a state of slavery. Every principle that is inculcated by our education, every feeling that we cherish in our social intercourse, every notion of justice and humanity in which we indulge in our speculations, are outraged, violated, and overturned. He who possesseth slaves is in the perpetual habit of robbery and murder—robbery, of the liberty, the existence, the body of a man—and murder, by shortening

the duration of his life by excess of labour or privations. Compacts are set at defiance, and the poor slave is compelled to work—by having his back scourged, and the parched earth sprinkled with his innocent blood—to gratify the avarice, the interest of his pious owner, who at the same moment is prizing himself upon his christian and social virtues; and perhaps is inculcating the great maxim, "do as you would be done by." What a farce and vain mockery doth this not make of religion and justice! what a barefaced, impudent inconsistency! Man, the eloquent advocate of religion, of morality, of justice, and of liberty, trains up another race of men, whom he considers as brutes! Yes, there would indeed be in this case a glaring inconsistency, were man a *free agent*—had he the power to direct events. But he is no more the author of the slave's misery than the slave himself. It is the Fates, who have issued the awful decree. What greater proof can we have of the irresistible power of necessity than this inconsistency, this injustice, this cruelty, this defiance of religion, in pious and

upright men? Inevitable Fate here laughs them to scorn, and demonstrates to them, by the clearest evidence, how powerless, and how miserably inconsistent they are in their unsteady march through life. Yes, we may scourge the slave; but a master-hand hath scourged us morally, and hath made us appear odious and contemptible—because we are inconsistent, base, and cruel. What is an heinous sin, such as this is, in comparison of our interest? It doth indeed, according to the Christian doctrine of redemption, require all Christ's blood to wash away so foul a stain. Oh, Man! why are you puffed up with vanity, and swollen with pride? How dare you strut about and say, "I *will* this, I *will not* that," when, poor creature, you *will* no *more* than other animals, or the inanimate productions of nature. You had better shelter yourself under the *doctrine of necessity*, or you will be laughed at in this world by the calmer few, and damned in the next by your own admission. There exists not a moment, except when sleep o'ertakes you, that, according to your *own doc-*

trine, you have offended not, and set *the Almighty at defiance.*

Much have I pondered upon this dark dispensation, and yet, through all its frightful sufferings and obscurities, I see an ultimate compensation. Sometimes God chooses individuals, but he always favours and maintains the types of the human race. Of other and more noxious races the types have become obliterated. Those in our planet have been struck out of existence. We see their forms preserved, though petrified in the most durable part of its composition. Luxuriant Nature, in the young or regenerated planet possessing an excess of the principle of vitality, worked then in less chastened moulds. Excesses in her productions have now been smoothed down to mediocrity; but experience shews us that the principle of vitality is nourished according to the force of the sun's beams—which then runs to that rankness, by which noxious animals and poisonous plants are generated. Man in these climes hath such abundant physical aids, as to banish the exertion of his moral qualities—which mainly spring from

necessity. His moral qualities protect his individual dignity, which cannot be preserved without his political liberty. Look upon the North American Indian, who hath been properly denominated the stoic of the woods. Compelled by the hard circumstances which surround him, his body is subservient to the wonderful powers of his mind, and he scorns to ask for mercy, when tortured for days at the stake—he will not give his enemies the triumph of hearing him complain. Who shall dare to make a slave of him? for, like the eagle, he is unsocial, solitary, rapid, and unrelenting. He hath a vast compensation for his rude climate, his ruder mode of life, his hard-earned existence, in his vast and unconquerable mind, which, banishing *superstitious terrors*, the concomitants of an enfeebled frame, sees and confesses God alone. Look upon the African—upon the rank and luxuriant state in which he is nurtured, to whom fire or covering, or even labour is useless; who riots in the spontaneous productions of his native soil, until his feeble and vitiated appetite seeks the monstrous gra-

tification of feeding on his fellows! No dignified moral quality can be elicited from his obtuse feelings Kindred to the brutes, he is caught and sold as a slave. Purified, animated, and exalted through this ordeal, he is prepared for civilization; and a double dispensation will in time be made manifest—the humiliation and punishment of his task-masters, and his own emancipation. Take care that torrents of blood do not flow where his dripping from the lash hath sprinkled only the ground. He may still move up to the advanced standard of human civilization, and divine intelligence, the offspring of uncreated light, will descend upon the whole human type, whatever clime they may have issued from, or whatever hue may distinguish their appearance. Again I repeat, human nature, philosophically considered, is the channel for the operation of great principles.

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